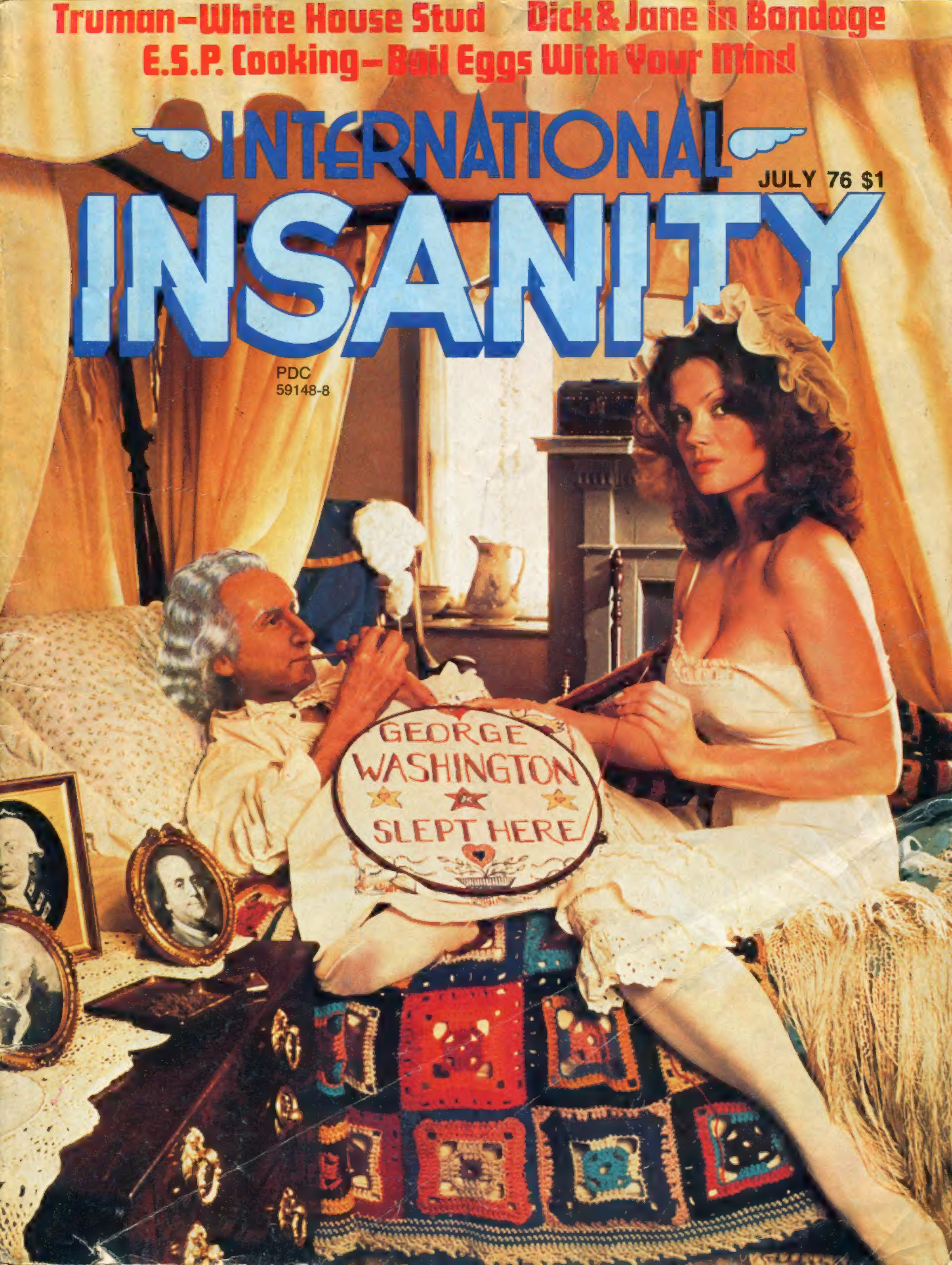


Truman-White House Stud    Dick & Jane in Bondage  
E.S.P. Cooking-Boil Eggs With Your Mind

# INTERNATIONAL INSANITY

JULY 76 \$1

PDC  
59148-8



# PATTY HEARST BOBBLE GUM CARDS

## TANIA CARDS

Card No. 5

Death to the fascist insect that preys upon the life of the people

Question: Did you have any trouble getting your tapes on the air?

Tania speaking: Oh yes—one radio station said I sounded too much like Angela Davis to be successful—However when I finally did get on the radio I received a lot of fan mail—most of it from my parents.

## TANIA CARDS

Card No. 3

Question: Were you always known as the SLA?

Emily Harris speaking: We went through many different names before we came up with the name SLA. One of the first names we chose was the Crunchy Granolas because we believed very strongly that you are what you eat. Later we went and called ourselves the BLT (Bacon Lettuce and Tomatoes). Finally the SLA, an abbreviation of the famous symbionese dish (sassatgrass, lentils & acid)

## TANIA CARDS

Card No. 1

Vital Statistics

FBI No.: 325, 805, L10  
Real Name: Patricia Campbell Hearst  
Alias: Tania  
Age: 22 born Feb. 20, 1954  
San Francisco  
Ht: 5'3"  
Wt: 110 lbs.  
Scars & Marks: Tattoo of a rosebud on left heel.  
Remarks: Was last seen munching granola singing the national anthem while wearing a knife in her belt.

## TANIA

Card No. 4  
L.A. shoot out

Question: There was port that you received a reception in L.A. Is that true?

William Harris speaking: No, that we would notice. In fact a house-warming party was held in our honor.

Card No. 2

Question: How was the SLA formed?

Cujo speaking: We originally were a singing group—we performed for mass rallies under the name of the New Christy Minstrels. Unfortunately we weren't successful as musicians we kept bombing out, until that's been out.

## TANIA CARDS

Card No. 4

the Hibernia Bank

Question: People say your job is a snap. Does it always feel that way to you?

Tania speaking: Hardly, it's more like a bang! We love our careers because it beats working for a living. Sometimes though the heat gets unbearable. Our make up just rolls down our faces and our guns feel like heavy weights upon us. As soon as we make a cool

## CARDS

p. 7

to trial

Question: The reporters say that you are prisoners because of your fame! Is that true?

Cujo speaking: It isn't all that bad. We all snuck out of our cells recently and went for an outing at San Simeon and were surrounded by thousands of tourists. Yet we were not arrested.

# MARK V DIGITAL CALCULATOR



2

II



3

III



4

IIII



5

IIIII

MEMORY KEY

1

I



MADE IN POLAND

Handwritten calculations on a piece of paper:

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 + 1 = 6 \\ 6 + 1 = 7 \\ 7 + 1 = 8 \\ 8 + 1 = 9 \\ 9 + 1 = 10 \end{array}$$

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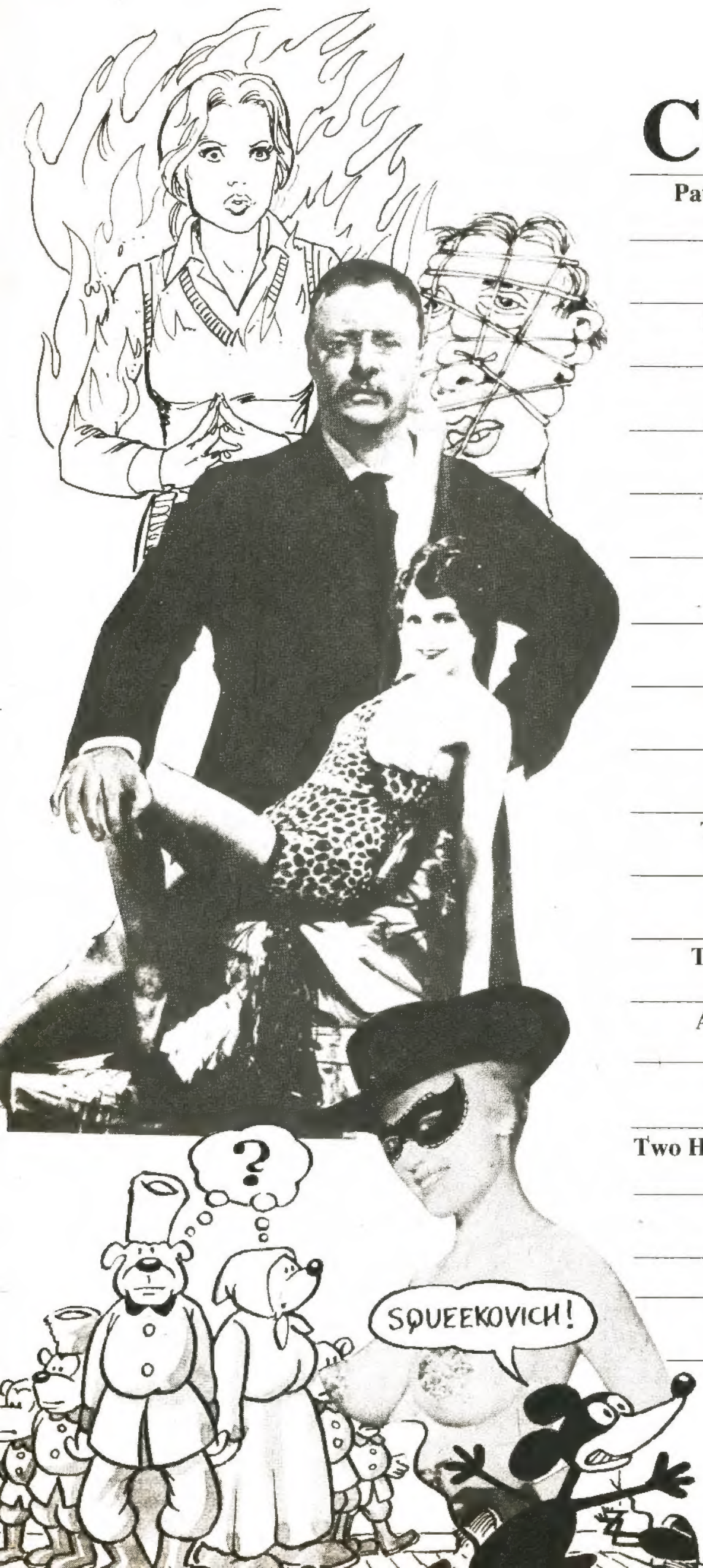
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#### INTERNATIONAL INSANITY

is published bi-monthly in the United States by Phi Publishing Company, Inc., 540 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. July, 1976, Vol. 1, No 1. Copyright © 1976 by Phi Publishing Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Subscription: six issues (one year) in U.S. and Canada for \$6; single copy, \$1. Similarity without satiric purpose to any actual names, characters, persons and/or institutions used in this magazine is purely coincidental. Not responsible for unsolicited material; all submissions must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Publisher assumes no responsibility in case of loss.

Advertising representative: Lawrence Levine Associates Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

# An International Insanity Editorial

## OUR CANDIDATE

Exactly one hundred years ago, Ulysses Grant *stole* the U.S. Presidency from New York State Governor Samuel Tilden. This is a documented scandal: Although Tilden, running on the Democratic Party ticket, achieved a handsome plurality of the popular vote in the election of 1876, the Republicans under incumbent President Grant simply *robbed* the office through bloodshed and chicanery. By bribing a Supreme Court justice, rigging a phony electoral-vote recount, burning contested ballots and purposely precipitating a major Constitutional crisis that set the nation on the verge of another Civil War, the Republican machine managed to filch the highest office in the land from its rightful owner.

Since then, we have experienced an unbroken succession of wars and depressions, racial unrest, arrant class discrimination, suspicious Presidential assassinations, and flouridation of nearly *all* the nation's fresh waterways.

Therefore, *International Insanity* has located the deceased Governor Tilden's only surviving descendant, Sam Tilden IV of Schenectady, New York, and advised him that he is morally heir full right and title to the U.S. Presidency, for the term beginning January 20, 1977. It is not necessary, in our opinion, to subject Sam to the humiliating charade of *running* for President, with all the buffoonery and cynical lying that entails. He need merely show up at the White House come next term, with his family and luggage, or so he has been advised by us.

When he first learned of his succession to our highest office Sam found it a bit hard to believe, and a little intimidating. "Me, President?" he asked. "I never even got a parking ticket fixed before." After a night's solemn soul-searching in his garage workshop, Sam deemed himself ready for the big sacrifice: "The thing is," he declared modestly, "I've got a mortgage to pay off, and my kid has a lot of dental work that needs to get done. Are you *sure* these guys make a hundred grand a year, plus expenses?"

Although he hasn't had a chance to think through policy, Sam has tentatively pledged to fulfill all the campaign promises made by his great-great grandfather. These include Free Silver, an end to U.S. intervention in Cuba, a new railroad connecting the Erie-Lackawanna and Wabash-Louisville lines, the halt of Reconstruction, and a Tammany wing for the New York Public Library.

In the era of Post-Watergate spiritual retrenchment, what better way for America to begin her shamefully-belated moral renaissance?



**HAIL TO THE CHIEF:** Samuel Tilden IV, 34, learned while working in his Schenectady florist shop that he rightfully inherits the office of President of the U.S. With truly *Lincolnesque* humility, all he said was, "Jesus Christ." His wife Sophie, a former waitress at Grey's Bowling Lanes in Canton, was just as self-effacing: "Who says so?"



**THE GREY LIGHT OF EARLY DAWN** breaks upon a tense, exhausted Sam, who has struggled through the night to make a decision closely affecting every person on this planet: whether to accept the Presidency, or preserve his treasured privacy as a \$12,000-a-year florist.



**SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SYLVIA TILDEN**, Sam's only child, gears up to root "good old Dad" to the finish. When she was informed that Sam is standing uncontested for office, as the only legitimate heir to the Presidency, Sylvia spunkily responded, "Well, if Susan Ford can show off her fat legs all the time, I guess I can too!"

# Letters

Dear Editor:

Everyone knows that most magazines make up their letters. But INTERNATIONAL INSANITY prides itself on its readers' IQs. How can we expect you to believe that our Volume 1 No. 1 letters are real? Hence, the first admittedly made up letters column follows:

Dear Editor:

My presse siceratery, Ron Nessen, says I will look intilektuall if I read INSANITY. Please sent me a prescription right away.

Gerald Ford  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Editor:

Please send my subscription to the White House, Washington, D.C. as of January 1, 1977.

Ronald Reagan  
Hubert Humphry  
George Wallace  
Jimmy Carter

Dear Editor:

If your issue isn't a bomb, then watch for a bomb in your editorial offices.

PJ, Lampoon  
Bill Gaines, Mad  
Stan Lee, Crazy  
B. Yonderpale, Morticians Review

Dear Subscription Editor:

If you are mailing out the next issue on Monday, please send my subscription to me in Washington, D.C. on Tuesday, to Peking, on Wednesday, to the Sinai, on Thursday, to Lebanon, on Friday, to Angola, etc., etc.

Henry Kissinger  
Nowhere Sec'y. of State  
Somewhere Over the Rainbow

Dear Editor:

Please rush me your first issue. I want to have something to read during my next trial.

Patty Hearst  
Cell #37  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I wouldn't read your fascistic rag for all the money in my father's bank vaults.

Tania Hearst

Editor:

Without you, we're really lost!

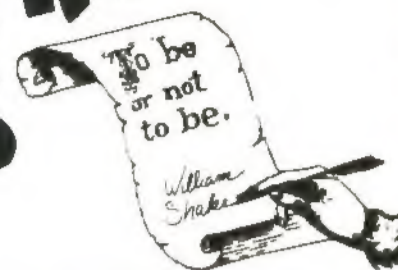
Judge Crater  
James Hoffa  
Amelia Earhart

Editor:

Neyt! Nyet! Nyet now. The world—certainly not the Soviet world—isn't ready for you.

Bresnehev  
Up the Kremlin Wall USSR

## FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS



Now have a Personalized Analysis of your Handwriting and Personality Profile sent to you absolutely FREE!

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NUMBER  
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PRINT NAME BELOW

CITY  
NAME 2

STATE  
PRINT NAME BELOW

NAME 1

SIGN NAME BELOW

NAME 2

SIGN NAME BELOW

WRITE THIS SENTENCE I like to smile

WRITE THIS SENTENCE I like to smile

NOTE: Please understand that due to the very special nature of this offer we are forced to limit the number of analyses which can be ordered to two per family (household). However additional analysis can be ordered for \$10.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

Dear Editor:

In a world gone mad, I look upon your magazine as a refuge of tranquility.

Charles Manson  
Los Angeles

Dear Editor:

After having read your last issue, I demand my subscription money back. You stink!

U.O. Me  
San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Note: From now on we can only get better (we think)!

Dear Ed:

Better we should give up the Golan Heights than I should give up my most prized possession, your brilliant magazine.

Golda Meir  
Tel Aviv, Israel

Dear Editor:

We love to look at the pictures.

Stevie Wonder  
Ray Charles

Dear Editor:

Please tell your readers not to sit under the apple tree (with anyone else but me).

Isaac Newton  
Bunsen Burner, Ky.

Editor:

Is it possible to use my food stamps to purchase your magazine in my local super-market? After all, INSANITY whets my appetite for more of the same and gives me food for thought.

David Rockefeller  
New York City Bondholder  
Chase Manhattan Bank  
New York, N.Y.

# INTERNATIONAL INSANITY'S UNINFORMED SOURCES:

*In which our totally out-of-touch correspondents fail to fill us in  
on what's happening in the world today*

## SECOND GUNMAN HOLDS PRESS CONFERENCE TO PROMOTE NEW BOOK; CLAIMS HE GOT GIRLS FOR JFK, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR KING CONSPIRACY

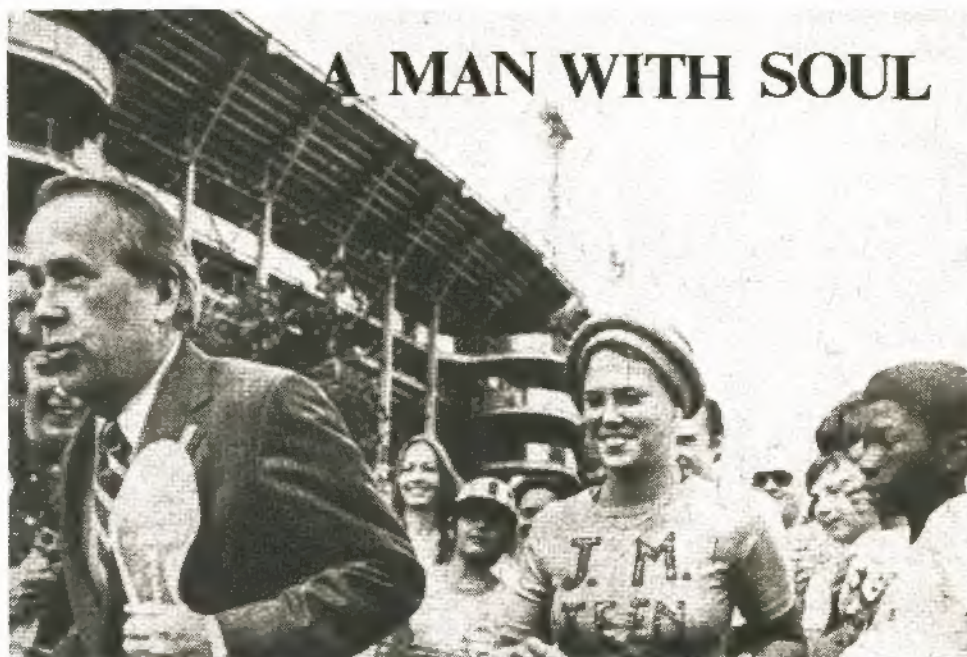
NEW YORK—According to uninformed sources, Arthur Oswald Harvey Arthur, author of the forthcoming, "I Was Dere, Charley," and one of Susan Ford's current escorts on the Washington Party circuit, today told of his hiding Patty Hearst, bombing Laguardia airport, shooting Malcolm X, loaning Sirhan Sirhan his gun, borrowing the Pentagon Papers and taping and tapping at Watergate, among other exploits.

"But when people ask for my autograph, they always mention the Zapruder film," maintains Arthur, who has just emerged from seclusion. "You remember, I was the guy standing on the grassy knoll."

Arthur claims responsibility for nearly every major news event in recent history but denies involvement in the Wallace shooting. "No matter what they say, I was never Artie Bremmer's roommate," he says staunchly. "Sure, we used to fool around, have a couple beers together, but that's it."

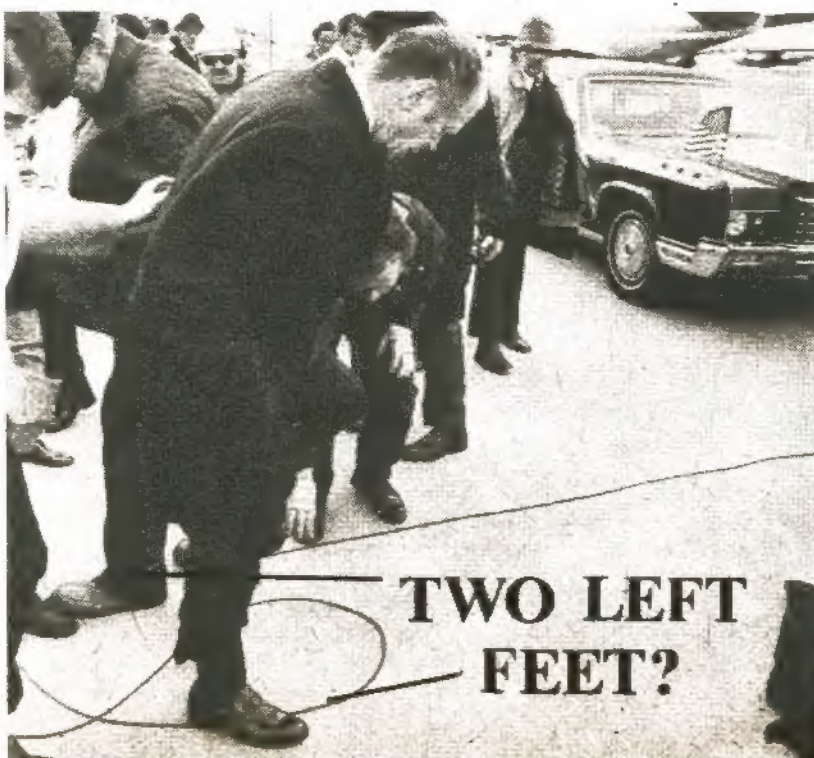
Is there any event in America's not-so-recent past that interests him, he was asked. "Sure, the Lindberg Baby Kidnapping was very impressive," he says. "Besides, I like babies, the way they talk."

"I always wanted to settle down," he admits sheepishly.



### MARY HARTMAN LAST NIGHT

Relative tranquility reigns in Fernwood. Mary, into TM, meditates. Her friends and family fail to notice. Mary's mother, Mrs. Chumley, visits her gynecologist. She is diagnosed as having a terminally ignorant vulva. Kathy breaks her engagement to Steve, the deaf-mute, and turns her attentions to a color-blind paraplegic. Her father objects. Loretta is kidnapped by a Patty Hearst attorney, who plans to use her as a crippled character witness.



### TWO LEFT FEET?

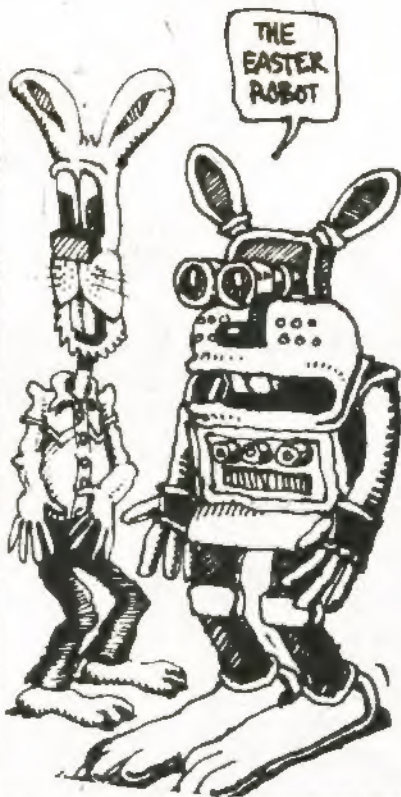
## NEW CRAZE SWEEPS NATION'S COLLEGES:



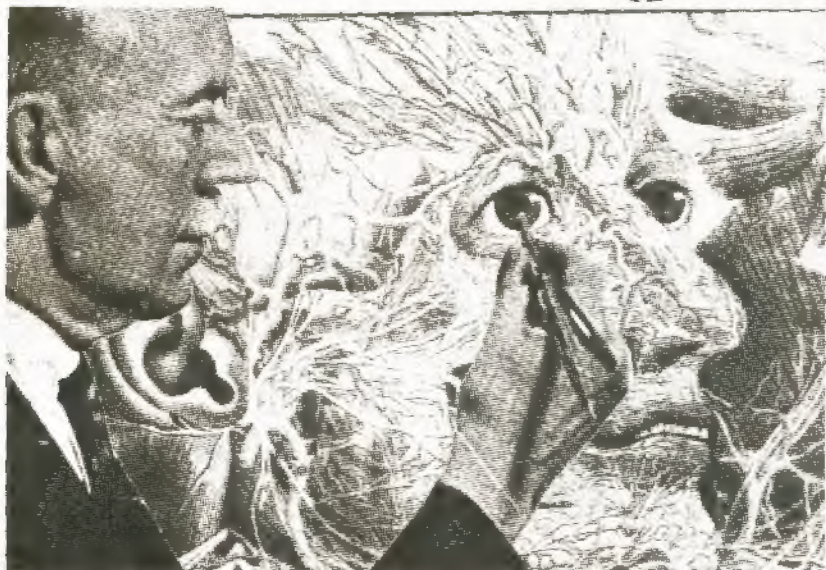
## BRAIN BONDAGE

## MARY HARTMAN LAST NIGHT

Mary falls into a trance. Her friends fail to notice. Heather discovers the efficacy of heroin as a pain killer, preferring it to Excedrin Extra Strength. Mrs. Chumley sends her vulva to night school. Mary's father buys it a book bag. Tom backs the car out of the garage, changes his mind and returns it.



## WHERE WILL FORD GO WHEN HE IS PUT TO SLEEP?



## COCA-COLA BOTTLE PROBLEM SOLVED IN POLAND!



Recent complaints of bloody hands at local picnic sites due to incomplete opening instructions on Coke bottles led Howard Cosellskiwitz, branch president, to order construction changes. In an exclusive interview, he revealed that the base of redesigned Coke bottles will include warning: OPEN OTHER END.

### MARY HARTMAN LAST NIGHT

Mary lapses into a coma. Sgt. Folley fails to notice. He believes Mary is being unusually responsive and presses his suit. Charley, in search of Loretta, stumbles across a bazooka left by her abductors. Grandpa, his exhibitionism cured by the free-lance psychiatric-social worker, is appointed to the Supreme Court.

## Behind The Scenes



with our uninformed correspondent Webley Philbush, pharmacist.

Weehawken, NJ—"If you ask me, the Republicans have got a lot of questions to answer about their front-running incumbent for the presidency. Take my advice, all you good people out there, and refuse to cast your ballot till we get information on vital issues. For instance, just what does President Ford take for head cold misery? What uses he for neuritis, neuralgia and occasional stress and strain? What is his favorite lubricant? Which positions does he recommend? Whatever can be done for Betty's back, or for that matter, her front? What coats his underarms? Is gas a problem? Should he be put to sleep? Who stole Kennedy's brain from the Smithsonian?

You can tell a lot about a man from his non-prescription drugs, and I'm just positive ole Gerry sucks down Nite-All like they was Mary Janes. Mark my words."

## HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

Mrs. Joseph Schmoe, an unemployed housewife and our uninformed correspondent in the Midwest

(Battle Creek, Michigan—"Of course, around here we get the hotline from Tinsel Town in our own *Courier-Gazette Pennysaver*. It's got that #\*?% #\*?% Barret beat hollow, especially on the stars favorite recipes. And I have my own sources for material, who shall remain anonymous. After all, they've got their husbands, children, and their jobs at the A & P to protect.

To start off with, *Gregg Allman is not the father of Cher's baby!* (That's a pretty good place to start, isn't it? Martha Stouffer thought I should begin with the stuff about Freddie Prinze and Martin Borman, but I said to her, I said, that nobody cares about Martin since they can-



celled 'Mission Impossible') Uh, oh yeah, Cher. To make a long story short, sort of, it's little Tatum O'Neal who knocked up The Navel (nice touch, if I do say so myself, making up that name for her. I'm not allowed to print the names my pastor, Rev. Musrain calls her, even though they're *much* more alliterative than *that*). You knew it all along, didn't you? But guess what else? You'll never guess! Cher is giving up smoking! She hopes she can counterbalance Tatum's bad influence, doesn't want her second bundle from heaven born a nicotine addict. Well, it does happen, you know. It does, too."

## The '76 Presidential Race

by our uninformed correspondent and resident curmudgeon in the south, George Fens-termentster



Oakiemuskogee, Fla.—“Yessiree, bob, this time round I’m voting for that old sumbitch Jimmy Carter. Might say he’s mah ideel candidate. Usually I split my ticket seven ways to beat hell. have my wife vote fur everybody I don’t and tell them pain-in-the-tail poll takers I’m going the straight anarchist ballot or some other hogwash.

That way it confuses the shit out of ‘em, and makes them poltroons in Washington count my vote even tho it don’t count, if you get the picture. But that Jimmy-boy, well, he’s all the parties rolled into one, every position known to mankind and at the same time he’s nuthin’ at all. Whoo-eee, voting fur him’s better’n not votin’ atall!”

## UNICEF STUNTS PYGMY GROWTH

UNICEF field researchers have discovered an alarming rate of growth among the heretofore midget tribesmen. Added inches were attributed to improved nutrition. Milk, cheese, eggs and meat will be denied the still-tiny tribespeople in order to maintain tribal identity and cultural continuity, according to UN spokesman.

## MARY HARTMAN LAST NIGHT

Mary comes out of the coma. Sgt. Folley presses his suit and puts on his pants. “Who am I?” Mary asks. Her friends fail to answer. A member of the media reminds her that she is Woody Allen’s ex-wife. Charley uses the bazooka on that member of the media. Mrs. Chumley’s vulva makes the honor roll.



## WOMAN ADMITS: “I NEVER HAD AN AFFAIR WITH JFK”



Gratuitous Cheesecake

## MARY HARTMAN LAST NIGHT

Mary succumbs to the fumes of her oven cleaner and faints. No one notices. Kathy and her paraplegic roll down the aisle, Grandpa overturns Charley’s conviction in a lower court and Loretta returns as a SLA convert with a whole new set of songs. In a fit of pique, Tom mows the lawn.

## HONKY GLOBE TROTTERS

Honky Globetrotters—Former Harlem Globetrotters teammates showed up on the court tonight playing in white face. They say the curious action was prompted to protest the plight of the pygmies and their denial of nutrients. Says one team member, “We protestin’ the fack that our brothers in the Congo ain’t gettin’ no white meat no mo’.”

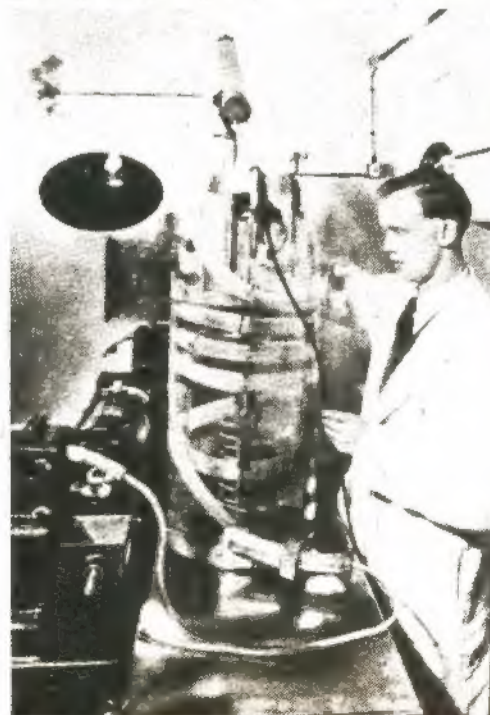
## Famous People’s Children

expository writing and book-keeping, Professor Sloan P. Sloan III, instructor, State Normal College at New Paltz.

New Paltz, NY—“I’m afraid I’m going to have to speak extemporaneously, so to speak. Off the cuff, you know. I left my notes in my other briefcase (and my sandwich). Oh, well, here goes. Just promise me not too many people I know will read it.

Let’s see, the oldest child . . . just what do you mean by old? In years, in wisdom, missing teeth, what? Please specify. The oldest is, oh damn, I don’t know. One of the boys. The girl I remember. She’s the one who greases the halls and then sells the photos of him on his ass to UPI. Using her father to further her ambitions, you might say. The secret service mine sweeps the blue room daily, but she’s a tricky one. And then there’s the rock star groupie, the kid who . . . . What? well, if I’m not allowed to tell that, the only good stuff I remember, I may as well quit right now. I should have read my copy of *Newsweek* first, anyway.”

## SCIENCE DISCOVERS HOW TO TURN ICE CUBES INTO WATER



CUBES INTO WATER

# Because I have taken the mystery out of Transcendental Meditation... I'LL TEACH YOU TO MASTER TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION IN A SINGLE EVENING...

**In Your Own Home!**

**Why Pay Hundreds Of Dollars To Be Given  
A Gift THAT ALREADY EXISTS, NATURALLY, RIGHT  
NOW, INSIDE YOUR VERY BODY!**

Let me make this point perfectly clear: *There is nothing really new about Transcendental Meditation, and the amazing physical effects that it brings!*

Transcendental Meditation actually goes back several thousand years, to the Ancient Seers of Tibet, China and India, who actually demonstrated that they could control their body so completely utilizing it, that they could perform seemingly "impossible" feats when they let it protect them — such as literally walking over hot coals without being burned, or being buried alive for hours, and even days, without the slightest harm!

These great mystics believed that the awesome power of Transcendental Meditation was buried deep in their body — and in the body of every living human being — awaiting only the proper "Key" to unleash it!

I, myself, first made contact with them over 35 years ago, on my trips to India and the Orient. After witnessing their incredible feats, I decided, then and there, to bring these simple techniques back to the American people, who needed them more and more desperately every day, to combat the physical and emotional pollution that was threatening to overwhelm them!

I sincerely believe that I was the first to introduce Transcendental Meditation to an American audience, in my Carnegie Hall lectures close to 35 years ago. Even then, I taught the basic technique — the psychological and physiological side of Transcendental Meditation — in just a few minutes, to hundreds of people at one time!

But I also believed (and still do) that these basic psychological and physiological benefits — vital as they undoubtedly are — are only the first beginning of what Transcendental Meditation can REALLY accomplish for you! And that you should, and must,

## IN JUST FIVE MINUTES LEARNING TIME, YOU GET EVERY ONE OF THESE AMAZING HEALTH BENEFITS, JUST AS A START —

After just five short minutes, in your own home, simply by learning my new De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation, you will find what prominent scientists all over the United States have already discovered — that you can lower your blood pressure at will. And sometimes lower that blood pressure sharply after only a few minutes of such Meditation.

Meditation may also be used to slow down or increase the rhythm of your heart, and control your pulse rate significantly. This is especially important if you have heart or circulation problems. In fact, after only a few Meditation sessions, heart beat may actually normalize itself.

In such Meditation, your metabolism may also become normalized. This, in turn, not only helps ease the processes of digestion, but gives you more nutrition from your intake of food, and at exactly the same time, controls the appetite and keeps the body from putting on excess weight!

Or, if you are now "hopelessly overweight," Meditation may, at the same time, help you bring that weight back down, by not only controlling your appetite, but by removing the psychological stresses that cause you to over-eat in the first place, or eat the wrong foods!

**And This Is Just The Beginning! Because  
Scientists Have Now Proven That...**

Cigarette smoking, alcoholism and even drug addiction, have, in case after case, been cured within two weeks to one month without the aid of medication!

It was found that persons engaged in meditation could lower the oxygen consumption of the body in just a few minutes, sometimes as much as 20%. This is especially important if you now suffer from constant fatigue, "run out of gas" every afternoon, can hardly move in the evening!

Men and women who suffer from deep melancholia, depression, anxiety and worry have repeatedly used Meditation to overcome these moods, and find peace and happiness!

Meditation is also being used, right now, by doctors in mental hospitals, to help patients who had previously been considered so incurable that they had to be kept under heavy sedation even to control them!

Migraine headaches, caused by stress conditions, have often literally been healed within a few moments!

And even more important, with Transcendental Meditation scientists have apparently slowed down the aging processes of the body cells... and have even ventured the possibility that such effects may enable you to live as much as 150 to 200 healthy years!

go beyond them as soon as you have brought your body and your emotions under secure control!

**Meanwhile, However, I Have Seen People Waste Hundreds Of  
Dollars Of Their Money, And Months Of Their Time, TO GAIN  
WHAT I COULD GIVE THEM IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES!**

So I have now decided to take Relaxation-Meditation... Health-Meditation... Tension-and-Stress-Removing Meditation — in fact, all the benefits these men and women could get in any course they could purchase, for any amount of money — and "boil it down" into a brief Confidential Report so simple, so clear, and so immediately and apparently effective that they could master it, COMPLETELY, in just 5 life-transforming minutes!

This simple at-home technique completely does away with any belief you may have — or others have tried to give you — that there is any mystery whatsoever in utilizing the full power of Transcendental Meditation!

It proves to you immediately that, this way, you need neither "Guru" nor "Master"! That there is no need for you to leave your own home to learn to use it to full efficiency! That there are no long, involved courses to master! No high-paid instructors to dominate or humiliate you! No \$125, or more, paid before you receive the first lesson alone; and no further cash outlays for "follow-up lessons," or "periodic check-ups"!

And as for your private Mantra, once you send me your name, I will send you — FREE — a private Mantra for yourself alone, that will belong to no one else in all the world. Once you have this Free Private Mantra, then the ability to gain this deep relaxation, peace and overwhelming release from hypertension is yours already! Yours as your natural human heritage! What I have done for you is simply given you what I believe to be the shortest and most effective — and scientifically proven — way (a "Key," if you wish to call it so) to tap that natural gift!

So this is NOT an "esoteric," "mystic," or "magic" specialized technique, available only to the wealthy few! It is, instead, a "universal path" that is accessible at once to all, no matter what their age or financial position, or psychological state today!

**You Will Realize, Right From The Start, That You Are Doing The  
Right Things, BECAUSE YOU WILL SEE THE IMMEDIATE RESULTS!**

These will be so dramatically evident that you will instantly know you are on the right track! You will actually learn how to use Transcendental Meditation in only five minutes! And you will find out, in that short time alone, that there is absolutely no harmful effect... nor will you be startled by any strange symptoms from using this proven form of Meditation!

In fact, you will be overjoyed to find it so ultimately simple, and with such immediate benefits that last forever in your life!

**And One Last Pledge, That No Other Form Of  
Transcendental Meditation — Can Make To You:**

And that is this: That you may then go beyond the mere physiological and psychological benefits of this De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation... and actually release the higher creative powers of your spirit and mind! For example:

1) You will be shown how to achieve permanent peace of mind, tranquility and inner joy, with the resulting "invulnerability" to outside stresses and strains!

2) You will be shown how to rid yourself at last of bad habits, such as smoking, alcoholism, gambling, drug addiction, or lesser habits such as laziness, procrastination and all the other "failure syndromes" that might be holding you back in life!

3) You will learn to use Transcendental Meditation to overcome personality defects such as an inferiority complex, self-consciousness and fear of inadequacy; and build instead a strong, self-reliant, magnetic personality!

4) Such personal magnetism, and improved powers of mind, may then be programmed to focus your higher mind centers on poise, confidence and success! This, in turn, could easily lead you to become wealthy through your career or business, and thus build ever-increasing financial security for yourself and your family!

5) And, as an extra benefit of such heightened personal magnetism, a simple shift in the focus of your daily Meditations can give you great new sexual and romantic powers, new joys in love, and perhaps the true "soul mate" you have yearned for for years!

6) Then, if you so choose, you may even wish to ascend to the highest plane of Transcendental Meditation... develop the psychic powers that are latent within your superconscious mind... and, as I have, prove to yourself that ESP, pre-cognition and all the rest are as much actual facts, as magnetism or electricity!

**And All This, IN ADDITION To The Primary Health  
Benefits You Start Getting In The First Five Minutes!  
AND ALL FULLY GUARANTEED... LIKE THIS:**

I have so much confidence in the mind and body healing benefits

**INSTANT-LEARNING, INC.  
540 Madison Avenue, Dept. KB**



### ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

**NORVELL:** For over 30 years his name has created electrifying excitement wherever seekers of Transcendental Truth have gathered. His unrelenting thirst for spiritual fulfillment has taken him to the most remote corners of the globe... to finally become one of the few Westerners, in our time, who has ever gained acceptance as an equal among the Holy Masters of both India and Tibet! He has also mastered the scientific secrets of Western knowledge at America's most highly-regarded universities.

In America alone, over these past decades, tens of thousands have come to Carnegie Hall in New York, and dozens of other centers of public learning, to absorb in person his profound wisdom — a complete and practical system of self-mastery and spiritual and physical power, that combines the Science of the West with the Mystic Knowledge of the East!

And now Norvell reveals the greatest of his great secrets in this revolutionary new Confidential Report — how to master the full art of Transcendental Meditation... at-home! A simple technique that may change your life... forever!

of my De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation that I'm willing to make you this air-tight money-back guarantee: If, after 30 days, you are not entirely convinced of the full power of this De-Mystified Transcendental Meditation, just return this report to me for every cent of your money back! Could anything be fairer?

### FREE PRIVATE MANTRA!

Based on your own name! Selected by Norvell translated by his special Sanskrit system so that no one else in America has the same Mantra! No other system of Transcendental Meditation can make this claim! And it's yours to keep FREE, even if you return the Report itself for every cent of your money back!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of "NORVELL'S, 5-MINUTE DE-MYSTIFIED TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION" Confidential Report. I enclose \$9.98 in full payment. I understand that I may examine this Confidential Report for 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Also send me my own Private Mantra, specially selected for me by Norvell, and mine absolutely FREE, even if I return the Report for every cent of my money back.

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# FACTS ABOUT THE UNKNOWN



In this day of hoaxes, frauds and flim-flams, one hardly knows where to turn for advice. Edgar Cayce? Nostradamus? Whose predictions will come to pass? Now, you may have faith! In keeping with the policy of this magazine (I reveal only true events) I have studied the Secrets of the Ages, from the Delphic Oracle to the Ancient Sacred Crypts of Egypt . . . and my record is unparalleled. All of my prophesies come true. Yes, only I have the Real Facts About the Unknown! My predictions for Summer '76 follow:

*As I go into my trance, I see . . . the world will end this year in Bagdad, Kentucky at 4:57 P.M., October 3. Those wondering what time The End will come in their vicinity can calculate the time changes from the Greenwich Meridian.*

*There will be a severe outbreak of athletes' foot in the White House.*

*Super-sensitive people the world round will begin having strange dreams of great undersea cities made of green, dripping stone.*

*Killer bees will be lulled into inactivity by the music of Liberace.*

*By 1980 Americans will be emigrating to China like flies.*

*Atlantis will not rise this year; in fact it is much too heavy to rise at all.*

*Henry Kissinger does not exist. He's being played by Peter Sellers.*

*Professor Seymour Shards will make an earthshaking discovery when he proves that dynamite can be mined.*

*Tear therapy will become fashionable for macho males, and men will be bawling all over the place*

*As I drift on through the Etheric, I see some amazing events for the world of business.*

*Aunt Jemima and Uncle Ben will reveal their long-time partnership and announce plans for a new mixed cereal.*

*Detroit will become a ghost town as man learns to convert old vegetable parings into automobiles.*

*Pharmaceutical companies will show unbridled profits when they uncover the secret formula of turning pills into gold.*

*The lucrative pizza business will be taken over by B.F. Goodrich.*

*The Westinghouse Company will suffer severe setbacks when we learn to keep our food fresh through mind control.*

Staff Astrologer Rosa Bizzario

## *Killer bees lulled by Liberace . . . Will find ancient civilization in South Bronx.*

*Gazing ever deeper into my crystal ball, I can see into the futures of many famous people.*

*The new surprise beauty on Vogue's cover will be none other than our favorite singer, Kate Smith, after a year on the new Bicentennial Diet devised by Dr. Søren Aiken.*

*A remake of "Ship of Fools," starring Clark Gable, Will Rogers, James Dean, Tyrone Power, Lionel Barrymore, Margaret Rutherford, Humphrey Bogart and Josephine Baker, will hit the box offices soon, thanks to the miracle of Kirilian photography, enabling us to catch their ghost performances.*

*Cybill Sheppard will change her image, much to boyfriend Bogdanovitch's dismay, and star in "Crimean Follies," the rollicking erotic adventures of Florence Nightingale as she springs from bed to bed. Linda Lovelace will take on the role of Mother Cabrini, and Princess Lee Radziwill will find a new identity in a Broadway production of "Bride of Frankenstein."*

*Dolly Parton will be embarrassed when she loses her falsies on stage at the Grand Ol' Opr'y.*

*Bruce Springsteen will finally regain his voice, which was lost many years ago in an unfortunate accident.*

*Love is alway popular, and the future is no exception.*

*I feel that Olivia Newton John will marry Elton John and become Olivia Newton John John.*

*Diana Ross and Lester Maddox will elope.*

*Caroline Kennedy, this year's art student in London, will exhibit a nude portrait of Prince Charles at Buckingham Palace. What does this all mean?*

*And now, toying with the Tarot, many innovations in the realm of science unfold before me.*

*I see that NASA'S next flight to the moon will all be done with mirrors.*

*Women will no longer have to worry about new fur coats as science announces that they can graft your favorite fur on permanently!*

*Porpoises with detonating devices will launch an all-out attack on Fort Lauderdale beach.*

*Traces of an ancient civilization in the South Bronx will be uncovered, a place where archaeologists have previously declared nothing could have existed.*

*Physicists will make the astounding revelation that Black Holes are filled with nougat!*

*Never open unless you have jacks or better.*

*Special glasses will finally allow us to view modern art in its true perspective.*

*Chairman Mao Tse Tung will relinquish his seat of power to Richard M. Nixon, who will attempt to take over the world.*

*Yuri Geller will not be allowed to run for President on the grounds that he might fix votes.*

*I will now answer personal questions from my readers. If you would like advice about the future, send your letters to me, care of this magazine. Please send no money now. I'll bill you later.*

**Personal to Olaf . . . Do not worry. The cop who gave you a ticket will fall off a bridge and spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.**

**Personal to Cut-Off . . . I predict that your phone will be turned back on as soon as you pay your bill.**

**Personal to Baffled . . . Cheer up. Only the Dead know Brooklyn.**

*Alas, I see no more. My candle is burning low, and my trance is breaking. I would like to leave you with this cheerful quote from my dear friend and associate, Theron Q. Dumont! "I am pouring into you a strong concentrated current of magnetic power, which is overpowering you and bending your will to mine."*

Until next time, I remain ethereally yours,

Rosa Bizzario

# "Let me show you the secrets of WHITE WITCHCRAFT"

—secrets that have helped others:

- Bring money and prosperity!
- Gain power over others and control their actions!
- Attract and hold a lover! • Win at gambling!
- Ward off the hex and stop the "evil eye"!
- Get rid of demons!

**My Name Is Al G. Manning. I Run The E.S.P. Laboratory In California, And Whether Or Not You Believe In Witchcraft, I've Seen Things Like This:**

- A Chef in a big restaurant, who sprinkles a salt and herb mixture around the building whenever business slows down. In minutes, the place is full of people! It always works...
- A girl whose boyfriend has been avoiding marriage, who feeds him a Witch's formula, and he suddenly proposes!
- A married woman, who burned some Love Attracting incense in the presence of her very old stud cat. She was amazed at the effect it had on him—and later on her husband, as well!
- Another woman, who, planning a trip to the races, used bread crumbs, prosperity oil, incense and a special money chant—and won \$150 at the track!

**All Of This Is Witchcraft...  
Real Witchcraft. And It Works!  
Don't Let Anyone Tell You It Doesn't.**

I use Witchcraft myself, and I can tell you it works. But I'm not here to convince you of anything. I simply *must* tell you the facts of my six years of research at the E.S.P. Laboratory.

And the plain fact is: Witchcraft is here... Witchcraft is real... and the powerful spells of Witchcraft *really* work... bringing love, prosperity, personal power, security, protection, and more for all who use them!

Believe me, it's a sobering experience to discover how many ordinary people, from all walks of life, are using Witchcraft—spells, chants, incantations, potions—real Witchcraft, to get what they want. And they swear it works!

## HOW TO USE RITUALS AND SPELLS TO ATTRACT MONEY & PROSPERITY!

There are many better ways to make money than an 8 to 5 o'clock job—in fact, you never heard of a millionaire who got there by saving it all out of his wages. In my book, you'll discover...

...how Cynthia S., a young housewife, used two candles, incense, some salt, water, and earth, and a special incantation to receive money and new prosperity. She reports:

"I waited a full month to see if it was all just a lovely dream, but it is reality indeed! During the first week... my husband got an unexpected promotion with a \$100 a month raise, the kids suddenly became 'dolls' and have stayed healthy, and both of my neighbors who had seemed so hostile have been most friendly..."

• **OFFICE WORKER GETS RAISE!**—You'll see how Sam O., who seemed constantly "on the carpet" at work for making too many mistakes, used this ritual and spell... Within a month the criticism from his boss had turned to praise and a \$25 a month raise. Three more months brought Sam a promotion!

• **RECEIVES \$950 INSURANCE WINDFALL!**—W. G. reports: "I used the Prosperity Chant at the end of my Nature Spirit Friendship ritual for three straight evenings. The morning of the 4th day I received a call from my insurance broker telling me that he had a check for \$950 for me. I don't really understand it yet, but... yesterday it was worth nothing, and today... \$950. That chant is great!"

• **ELDERLY MAN NOW RICH!**—You'll see how an elderly gentleman, barely able to make ends meet, selling office supplies, used the Prosperity Chant and ritual. Now, he says: "I have all I want in a wardrobe, beautiful home and a new car, but best of all a richer, happier life. I don't tell many people about this... But it works! Every night now, I have an extra ritual just to

say thank you to the wonderful forces that are obviously helping me."

• **WINS THREE \$50 BETS!**—Still another user, R. S., reports, in just two weeks, "I won three different \$50 football pools... got an unexpected raise... and an annoying wart dropped off the back of my hand."

The powerful Spells of Witchcraft can, indeed, produce wonders for you and your loved ones. Your neighbor may already be using Witchcraft in secret... if he seems to be leading a charmed life... if everything seems to be going his way... while others no better, no smarter... are still having an uphill struggle.

## HOW TO USE RITUALS TO GAIN POWER OVER OTHER PEOPLE!

Had a run of bad luck lately? Are you having trouble with your marriage, your love life, your job? Are other people forcing you to knuckle under to them, agree with them, do things for them against your will? Any psychic attacker who wishes you evil can use Witchcraft to make you suffer. Your neighbor may already be using Witchcraft on you in secret.

If a cloud of "bad luck" seems to follow you, it's time to learn to protect yourself with the secrets of White Witchcraft. The "evil eye" and psychic attack may seem ridiculous in the 20th Century, but they are *real*. It is altogether possible for a person to sit quietly at home and make your life miserable.

Why let these people push you around? If you can follow a few simple instructions, in plain English, I'm going to show you how to use ordinary, everyday items like salt, candles, water, incense, dirt, and stones set yourself *free from the "evil eye"*—and from the people who have been bothering you, once and for all.

## RITUAL TO DESTROY YOUR ENEMY'S POWER TO HARM YOU

When Mrs. Sharon D. tried to talk her son out of dating a certain girl—she didn't realize that the girl knew Witchcraft. And when her son innocently told the girl—that's when trouble really started!

All manner of ridiculous things seemed to happen to Mrs. D.—dishes would break in her hands, she had five flat tires in two weeks (the tires were almost new!) and the people on her job became hostile. Her son moved in with the girl and refused to come back.

That's when Sharon D. realized it was not coincidence. It was Witchcraft. Fighting fire with fire, she began using the Ritual to Destroy Your Enemy's Power to Hurt You. Little by little, the girl's hold on her son began to slip—and after a week, the manifestations of psychic attack slowly subsided. A week later, her son broke up with the girl and apologized to his mother.

## SPELL TO BIND A LOVED ONE TO YOU!

Do you feel lonely and unwanted? Is the romance slipping out of your life? Are you worried that your mate doesn't love you anymore? In my book I give A Complete Love Attracting Ritual that has worked for scores of people.

Here's a typical comment: "I have lived alone for ten years now. It has been a dull, lonely life from my empty apartment to my dull job and back. Nobody ever even called me on the phone. I decided to use your love ritual. By the third day, people at the office who had never noticed me were coming up to chat and invite me to lunch. I have made ten wonderful new friends in just one week, and one of them looks like a real love interest!"

But don't take my word for it! It works for

**IMPROVEMENT BOOKS CO., Dept.  
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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

**AL G. MANNING** received his education at the University of California, where he received his Bachelor of Science degree, *Summa Cum Laude* (at the head of his class), and was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa and Beta Gamma Sigma honor societies. In addition to being a Certified Public Accountant, he holds the degrees of Master of Religious Science, and Doctor of Divinity.

Early in his career, Dr. Manning was the Controller, Corporate Secretary, Vice President, and President of several large companies in the aerospace and electronics industries. After active service in the Korean War, a deep personal tragedy caused him to turn to the study of religion and the inner world of the mind. His work led to the formation of the famous E.S.P. Laboratory in Los Angeles.

anybody! I have prescribed it for many people who have come to me with similar problems. All are now happily married!

## INCANTATIONS, RITUALS AND SPELLS AS USED IN HEALTH MATTERS!

If you want to remain healthy, vigorous and strong, my book shows you exactly how to call upon the powers that brings these results. Call on them and I am certain mighty forces will come to your aid.

You'll see how a 60-year-old woman was relieved of an asthmatic condition... how another ritual brought back a woman's girlish figure... how a business man was relieved of ulcer symptoms... how another user was relieved of a fibroid tumor in 7 days... how a case of emphysema (lung trouble) ceased to be a problem in 6 weeks, and why the person says, "It's virtually unbelievable. I can even run and climb stairs... The rituals seem too simple to do much good, but they work for me!"

— MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY! —

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of **HELPING YOURSELF WITH WHITE WITCHCRAFT**, #80129, by Al G. Manning! I enclose \$7.98 in full payment. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

Enclosed is check or M.O. for \$\_\_\_\_\_

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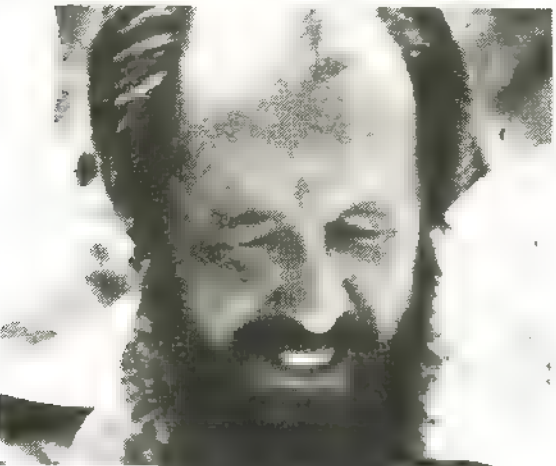
# GULAG ARMADILLO



after year . . . after year



Take my wife . . . please!



life is tragic—profound.



"wheat and see"



■ Hello, hello, hello. It's wonderful to be here. What a great party they threw for me. I won't say I got a warm reception in Siberia, but at least the host didn't run out of ice . . . I see a lot of old friends out there tonight. Honestly, it's really gratifying to see all these familiar faces out there year after year . . . after year . . . after year . . . after year . . . I always had trouble finishing that sentence . . . And some of you have brought your families with you. And your friends. And *their* families. You can't tell me the nuclear family went out with the Rosenbergs . . . You know, I spent the happiest years of my life in a concentration camp. What a great life. Go to bed early, wake up early, plenty of exercise, planned group activity . . . Any of you guys remember Sasha? What a nut. He was a guard but he loved the place. Finally he turned himself in so he wouldn't have to go home. Of course, his home was a kennel . . . Honestly, the best audience I ever had was the secret police. They wanted me to be an informer. "But I don't know any traitors," I told them. "Everyone I know is a good Communist. Take my wife . . . please!" . . . What does a Trotskyite intellectual call a six-foot KGB officer with a knout? "Comrade *sir*!" . . . I don't know why I said that. I guess the purge came over me . . . I just got in from Moscow. The big thing now is this dialectical rock opera: "I Knew Nicholas Before He Was A Superstar"! . . . Hey, how about this energy crisis? When I was playing the Crimea, some poor shmuck escaped from the KGB, tripped over a live Direct Current, and when they picked up the pieces he was NKVD! That was the night the lights went out in Georgia . . . Boy, that joke was strictly from Gulag . . . If you think the fuel shortage is bad, you oughta see the Ukraine. One peasant I know is using vodka instead of gasoline. The only trouble is, every time he stops to refuel, the wheelbarrow falls down . . . Actually, Kosygin made a very good statement about the food shortage in his speech last night. He had some good news and some bad news. First, the good news: every Russian man, woman and child will be legally entitled to a full quota of wheat this year. And the bad news: the entire wheat harvest failed again . . . Personally, I'm going to take a "wheat and see" position . . . Did you see that story in *Pravda* about the Black September incident? That was when the Arab terrorist attack on the Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics coincided with the Jewish High Holy days. The Party has decided it was just Zionist propaganda. The whole thing was just a Rosh Hashonah to judgment . . . That reminds me of the story about the Odessa Jew who wants to emigrate to Israel. He goes to see the Emigration com-

missar for a visa. Now, the Commissar is a very patient man, and he tries to explain to the Jew that Zionism is an imperialist front. But the Jew insists. So the commissar gives in, and starts to ask him the preliminary questions for the visa: how old is he, what does he earn, what's his next-of-kin's name, address, threshold of pain . . . The Jew grows impatient. "*Gevalt!*" he exclaims. "Dot's vy I vant to leave already—vy does the State have to have such a big nose?" "Abie, replies the Commissar, 'you should talk?' . . . By the way, one day a kulak asks his collective supervisor for the day off to go to his father's funeral. "Is he dead?" asks the supervisor. "No, but he knows he can't live long." "It seems strange," continues the supervisor, "that a man should predict the day of his own death." "He didn't," replies the kulak, "The Party did!" . . . Hey, how about that Kremlin? I went there with my mother-in-law—and they arrested me for stealing one of the towers . . . I won't say she's fat, but when they sent her to a hidden camp in the Urals, *she* hid the Urals! . . . All kidding aside, I really love my mother-in-law. I feel the same way about her as I feel about monolithic socialism . . . When I took her to the Mayday parade, a CIA man tried to buy my missile secrets . . . Actually, she's very talented. She's going to visit America on the Cultural Exchange Program—in exchange, we get Brooklyn, Alaska, and Raquel Welch! . . . And if you think it's cold here, you oughta be in Alaska! I won't say Alaskan girls are dogs, but some of them are very husky. You heard about the Cold War? That's an Eskimo's mother-in-law getting into a girdle . . . Of course, you've heard about the Siberian Borscht Belt? That's when they make dinner out of used whips . . . Hey, has anybody seen that new picture, *The Russian Exorcist*? No? It's the one where a 12-year-old girl becomes possessed—by *God*! So they send her to Siberia . . . And chess! Russians are crazy about chess! You know how many Russians it takes to win the world championship? Thirteen. One to win and 12 to bring him home . . . Honestly, I was talking to Boris Spassky just the other day. He's getting ready to play Bobby Fischer again, but this time the State is helping him to train—at the Pavlov Institute! . . . By the way, there's no truth to the rumor that Boris ran in the women's track events at the Mexico City Olympics in '66. That was *Doris* Spassky . . . You know, laughter is universal. Wherever you go, a smile is a smile. But we Russians are different. To us, life is tragic—profound. That's what I like about you Siberians—you take everything with a grain of salt! Well, *dos vedanya*—dere ain't no more!

—Eric Kibble (Alex)

# INTRODUCING- SUPER-HYPNOTISM!

**A new way of combining instant self-hypnotism—with the power to hypnotize any other person you choose, even without their knowing it!**

## Time To Learn—As Little As 30 Minutes! Immediate Benefits—ALL THE FOLLOWING:

- The ability to *break bad habits* such as smoking, drinking, stuttering, over-eating, etc.—so that it is literally "impossible" for you to go on performing them!
- Explosive self-confidence! So you have the drive, the energy, the get started and stick-to-it power that gets you the things you set out to get, far faster and easier than you have ever dreamed before!
- Automatic mobilization of inner healing powers! So that the agonizing pain of arthritis, neuritis, common headaches, even childbirth and serious illness suddenly seem to be "blocked off" from reaching your brain! So much so that your doctor may actually decide to stop giving you drugs! Or, if you go on taking them, they may suddenly begin to work twice as fast, and twice as strong!
- Super-performance in sports! So much so that medical doctors have published incredible new records, under this kind of hypnosis, that have astonished their colleagues!
- Plus the ability to turn memory on or off, like a faucet! Develop "steel-trap concentration," that laughs at interruptions! Condense weeks of learning time into a few short hours, so you amaze your friends with your skyrocketing knowledge! Tap hidden creative powers, so new ideas seem to "jump" into your mind from nowhere!

## Plus Perhaps The Most Astonishing Powers Of All—The Ability To Perform Instant And Undetectable Hypnotism On Others, PRACTICALLY FROM THE VERY MOMENT YOU ESTABLISH EYE CONTACT!

- Including
- How to determine the type of hypnotism the other person will give way to, simply by the appearance of his face!
  - How to turn "problem subjects" into easy subjects, by a simple little twist of technique!
  - How to gain complete access to the mind of the subject, including the unconscious mind which ordinarily would be entirely hidden from your view!
  - How to impart to the other person (or to yourself) the "conditioned ability" to banish insomnia at will!
  - How to "wash away" unconscious blocks and frustrations that are entrenched deeply in that other person's mind, and replace them with vibrant feelings of courage, self-confidence, and self-mastery!
  - How to give that other person (or yourself) one of the most priceless gifts of all: the ability to solve problems while you sleep!
  - How professional hypnotists accomplish "instant hypnosis," in less time than it takes to state a single command!
  - Secrets of "Waking Hypnosis"! Of "Post-Hypnotic Suggestion," that takes charge hours or even days after you have left the subject!
  - How this "Super-Deep Hypnotism" can help in cases of asthma, migraine, ulcers, high blood pressure, skin diseases, allergies—and even with neuritis, depression and delusions!

**But We Must Make One Warning: This "Super-Hypnotism" Is So Easy To Learn, And You Are So Wide Awake When You Practice It On Yourself Or Others— THAT YOU SIMPLY MAY NOT BELIEVE ITS STARTLING RESULTS AT FIRST!**

For Super-Hypnotism was invented... perfect ed... and taught now to you by the same exact man who has taught it to doctors, psychiatrists,

university professors, and stage hypnotists! It is actually "streamlined hypnotism"! Shortcut hypnotism! And—most important of all—*Fail-Safe Hypnotism!*

For Super-Hypnotism is based on a single, fundamental, vital idea—that the most powerful form of self-hypnotism is one in which you do NOT sink into a coma! In which you do NOT "go to sleep" or lose track of your surroundings in any way! In which YOU DO NOT LOSE CONTROL for a single second!

This is Wide-Awake Self-Hypnotism! All that happens to you really—this way is that you learn an ingenious, incredibly-powerful way to establish contact with YOUR FULL MIND... instead of merely the top 10% of that mind that you are using today!

In other words, this way, you first open the door to the massive power of your unconscious... and then you consciously seize control of that power!

It is like being able, at last, to put your hands on the steering wheel of your great unconscious mind! And therefore, from that moment on, direct that mind anywhere you wish!

## So Powerful That It Has Worked, In Case After Case, Where Professional Hypnotists Have Completely Failed!

Once again, in brief summary, the goal of this Super-Hypnosis is quite simple: it is COMPLETE SELF-MASTERY! It is a way to gain that self-mastery, without risk and without struggle, simply as a result of using at last natural laws which have been built into the human mind since man first elevated himself above the animals surrounding him!

Super-Hypnosis, at last, liberates both of these titanic built-in powers—Hypnotic Mastery over the Self... and Hypnotic Mastery over Others!

It takes as little as thirty minutes to learn! The self hypnotism... only a matter of days to learn hypnotic mastery of others! There is no loss of control, no feelings of strangeness—only dazzling new strength and awareness!

There is no "quicksand trance" to wake up from! No danger at all!

The powers released are enormous! They include new freedom from pain (so great that some women, using these techniques in childbirth, actually had their babies painlessly)! Freedom from previously-unbreakable habits (so strong that when men and women learned these techniques to stop smoking, they found their hands effortlessly and automatically "putting out the cigarettes" less than five seconds after they had just lit them)!

## But Even Such Thrilling New Freedom Is Only The First Step To The Real Goal Of Super-Hypnotism!

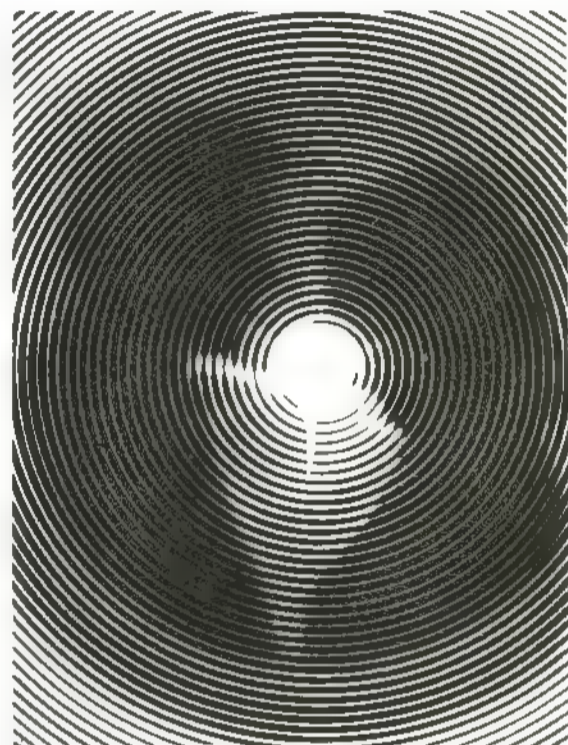
And that is New Mastery—new mastery of yourself, and new mastery of the world around you! This includes—

The ability to control feelings and moods! To switch yourself over, at command, from the feeling of being "foredoomed to failure" to being "predestined to success"!

The ability to sketch out exactly the ideal personality you wish to own! And then make your mind give it to you trait by trait... confidence by confidence... triumph by triumph!

The ability to select just that part of your environment that will propel you towards physical and economic success! Called by those who do not understand "intuition" or "luck," it is actually a way to make your subconscious super-awareness work for you, instead of against you, as they do today!

The ability to plant "Accomplishment-Motors" in your subconscious mind! That go underground there, like seeds! And that bloom, day after day, week after week, in seemingly "spontaneous"



ideas... statements... solutions... personal magnetism that may soon transform your very life!

**An Much, Much More Than We Can Ever Describe Here! All Yours In This "Encyclopedia Of Super-Hypnotism," For You To Read From Cover To Cover! Without Risking A Penny!**

Yes, even if you are skeptical right now, ask yourself one question: *What if it works?*

What if it really is as good as all the physicians, psychiatrists, professors and other professional men claim it is? *What if it CAN transform your life?*

If so, wouldn't it be a tragedy if you did NOT try it—when such a trial would not even cost you a single cent!

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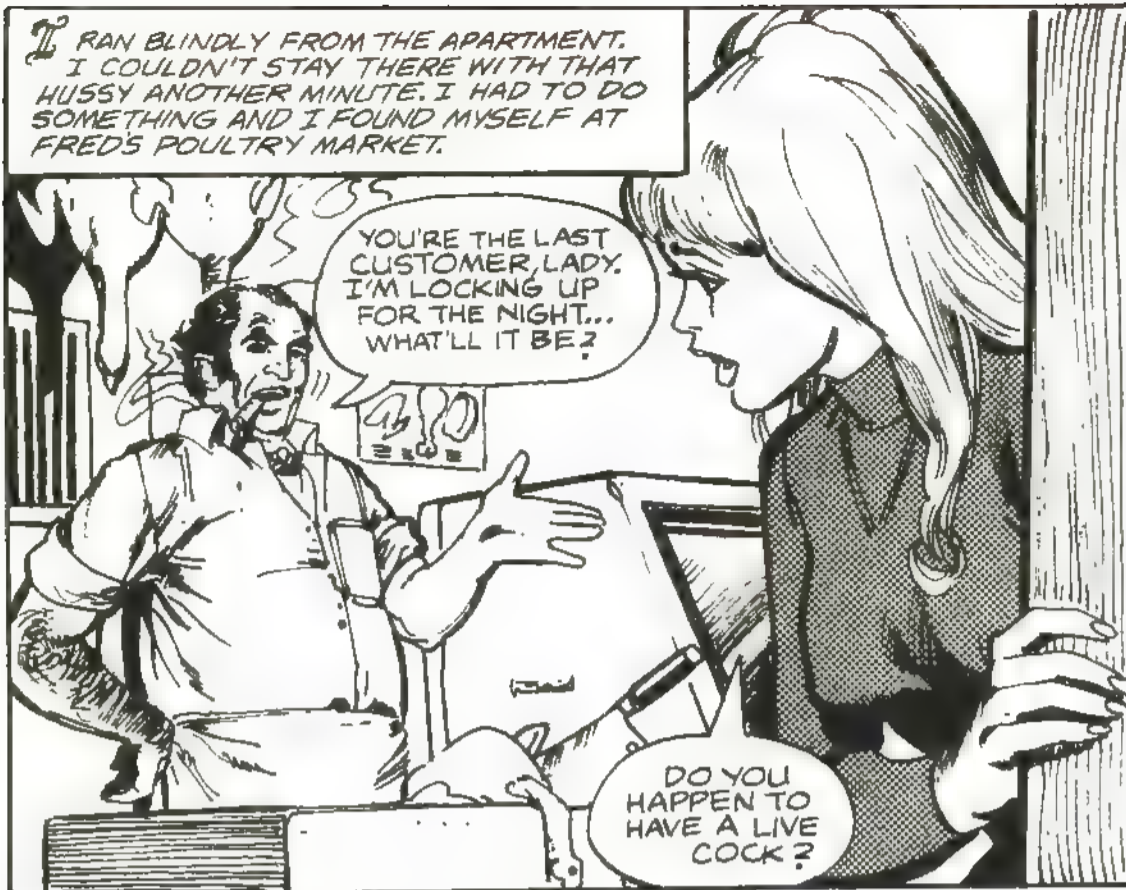
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IMPROVEMENT BOOKS CO., 540 Madison Avenue, Dept. KB

IT HAD WORKED HARD TO MAKE MY OPEN MARRIAGE TO DAVID THE BEST RELATIONSHIP IN THE GREATER NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA. WE HAD A CLOSET FULL OF NOVELTY DEVICES, ALL MY UNDERWEAR CAME FROM FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD, WE WENT TO WIFE SWAPPING PARTIES. YOU'DA THOUGHT WE LIVED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! AND IT ALL MEANT NOTHING. TOO LATE I LEARNED I WAS JUST A .....



I RAN BLINDLY FROM THE APARTMENT. I COULDN'T STAY THERE WITH THAT HUSSY ANOTHER MINUTE. I HAD TO DO SOMETHING AND I FOUND MYSELF AT FRED'S POULTRY MARKET.



YOU'RE THE LAST CUSTOMER, LADY. I'M LOCKING UP FOR THE NIGHT... WHAT'LL IT BE?

DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A LIVE COCK?



IS THIS LIVE ENOUGH FOR YA, HONEY.

OH, MY GOODNESS.

OUR OPEN MARRIAGE HAD GIVEN ME MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO EXPLORE SEXUAL DELIGHTS OF THE LOWER WORKING CLASS, BUT THIS TIME I COULDN'T ENJOY MYSELF...



I KEPT THINKING ABOUT DAVID AND HOW COMPLETELY HE'D BECOME DOMINATED BY THAT... THAT CHICKEN, HELEN...

HE'D BROKEN THE ONE TABOO THAT WOULD NEVER BE TOLERATED BY OUR SEXUAL LIBERATION LEAGUE...



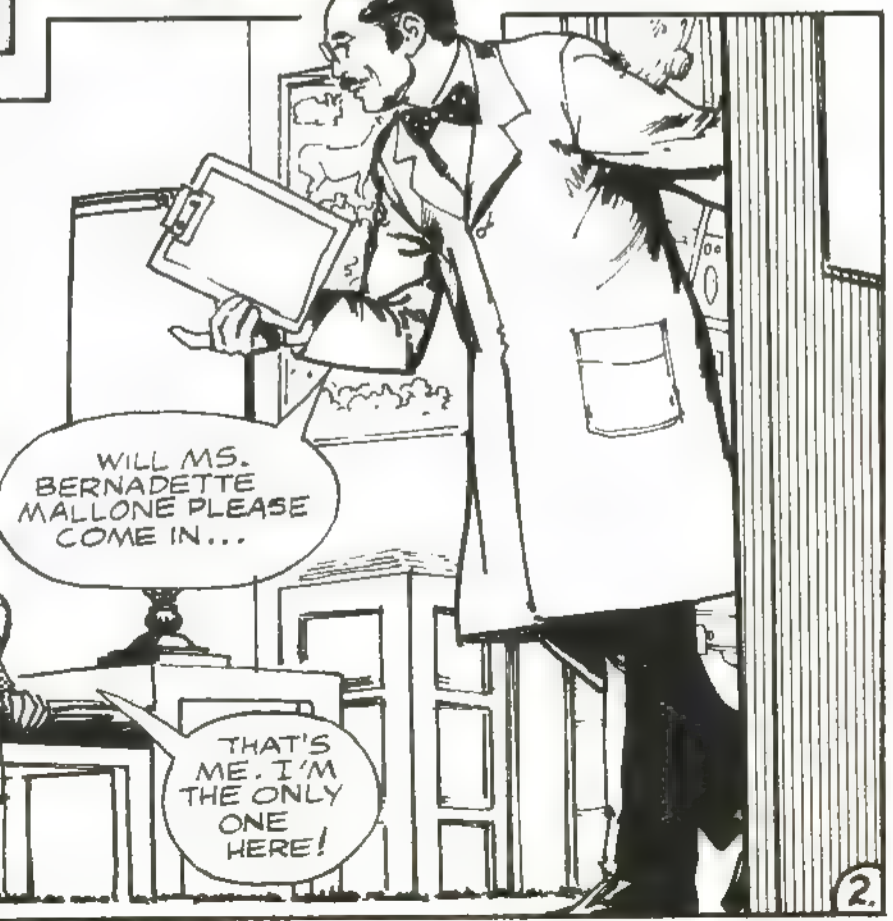
I'D STUMBLED OUT OF THE MARKET IN A DAZE, CLUTCHING THE SMALL CARD THAT FRED HAD GIVEN ME. "YA NEVER KNOW, THE GUYS AT THIS PLACE MIGHT HELP YA OUT," HE HAD SAID...

THE ANIMAL HUSBANDRY SOCIAL PROBLEM CLINIC

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY SOCIAL PROBLEM CLINIC

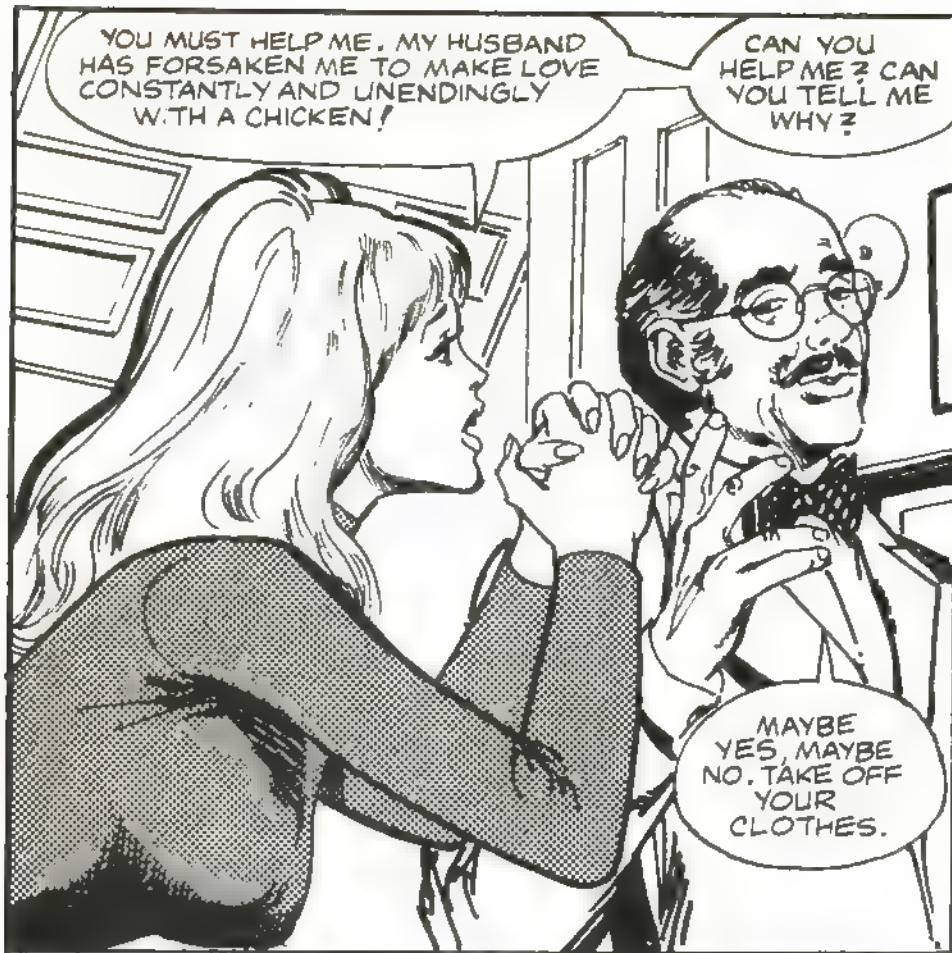


AND THEN SOMEHOW I WAS INSIDE THE CLINIC AND MY NAME WAS BEING CALLED...



WILL MS. BERNADETTE MALLONE PLEASE COME IN...

THAT'S ME. I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE!





A WHOLE PANEL OF EXPERTS HAD JUDGED ME INFERIOR TO A CHICKEN. I FELT GREAT.

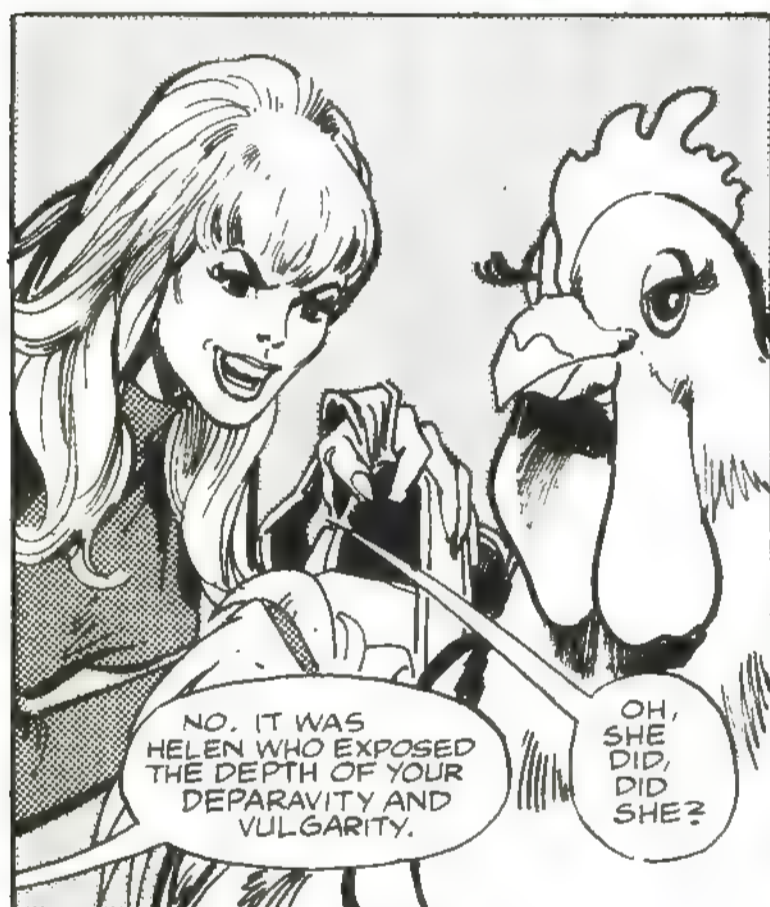


THEN REALITY EXPLODED...

I'M SHOCKED THAT YOU WOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR OPEN MARRIAGE THIS WAY BERNADETTE.

CHEAP VENGEANCE--AMONG ALL THOSE DEAD CHICKENS! THAT'S DISGUSTING!

YOU-- YOU FOLLOWED ME?!

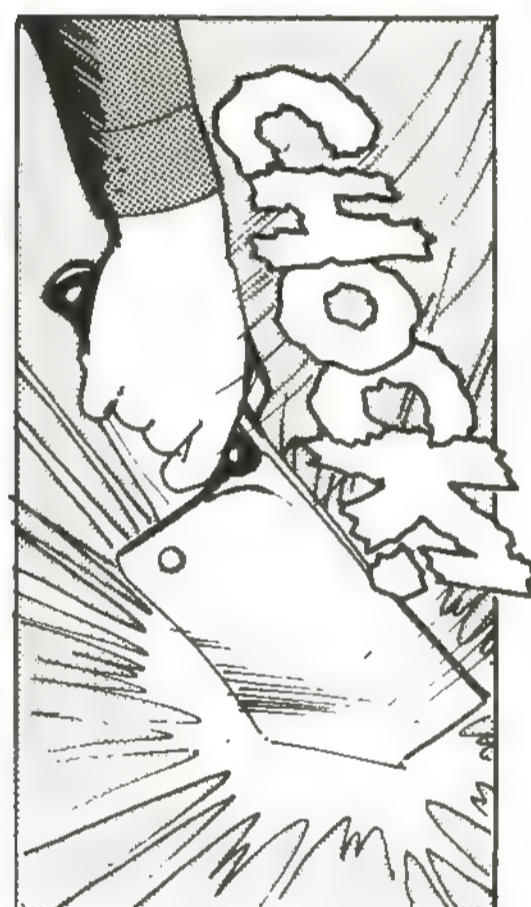


NO. IT WAS HELEN WHO EXPOSED THE DEPTH OF YOUR DEPARAVITY AND VULGARITY.

OH, SHE DID, DID SHE?



LIKE I SAID, REALITY HAD EXPLODED. AND I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL A LOT BETTER.




BERNADETTE, DARLING... YOU'RE SO--SO MASTERFUL! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EVER SAW IN HELEN!

I UNDERSTAND, SWEETHEART.

ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF WHAT CAME OVER ME THAT NIGHT. I ONLY KNOW THAT MY DEAR HUSBAND AND I ARE HAPPILY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN IN THE MOST WONDERFUL OPEN MARRIAGE IN THE GREATER NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA AND I'M NO LONGER SHY AT PARTIES!

End



# THE BIG SUCK DOWN

## Son Of The Bermuda Triangle

The Bermuda Triangle—known, too, as the Devil's Triangle, and during the middle of the 900's, the Big Suck Down—is a mysterious portion of the Atlantic Ocean (Bermuda to Miami to Barbados and the surrounding waters) where, by my calculation, millions of ships, planes, and people have disappeared over the years, never without a trace.

Incidentally, in spite of its name, to envision this region as a triangle is not really correct. Recent examinations have shown that its shape resembles, more than anything else, Burt Reynolds' left buttock. But to keep things uncomplicated I shall continue to refer to it as the "Triangle."

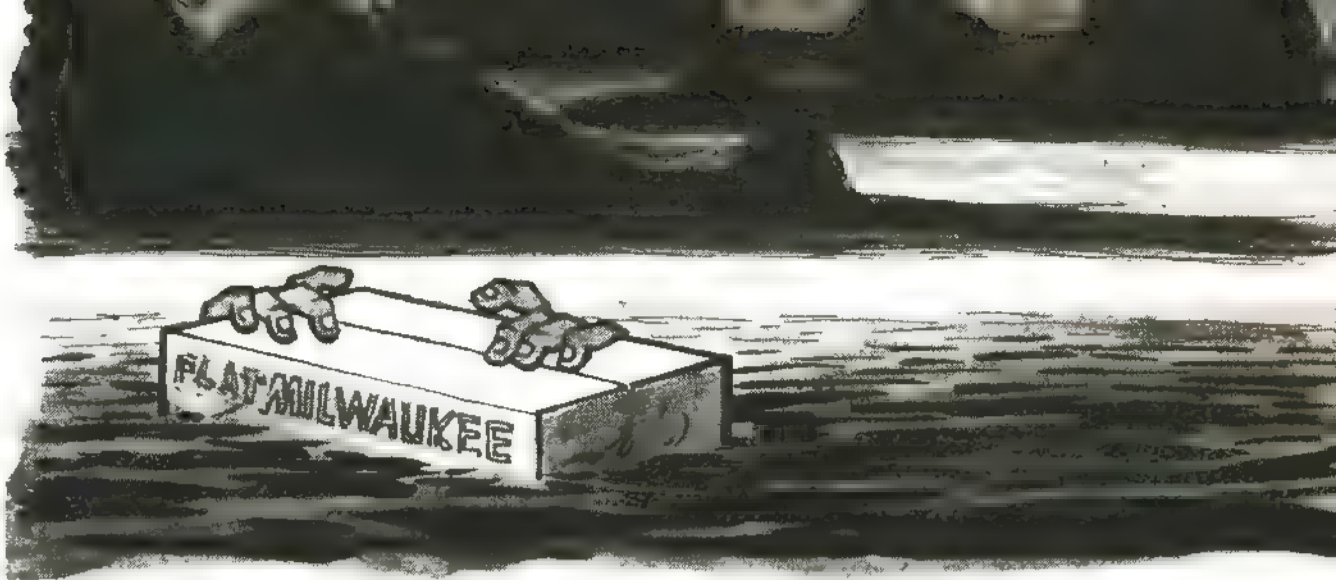
The Triangle first came to light a number of years ago when it became apparent that many fewer people, and other assorted objects, were leaving the area than were entering it. This was looked upon as somewhat odd. And thus was born the frightening saga of the Bermuda Triangle.

The great B.T. cases have been discussed in detail many times before, so these will be skipped here. Instead, I'll deal with some of the lesser-known but just as chilling and interesting variations. Also, my own theory and reason for these strange happenings will be presented.

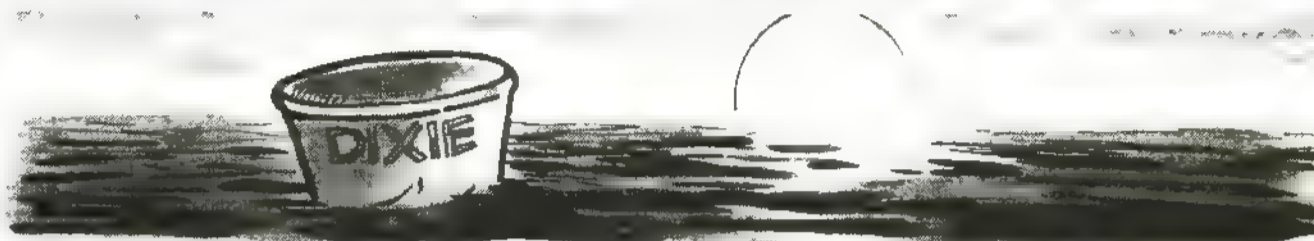
## CHAPTER I

### Incredible Unusualness

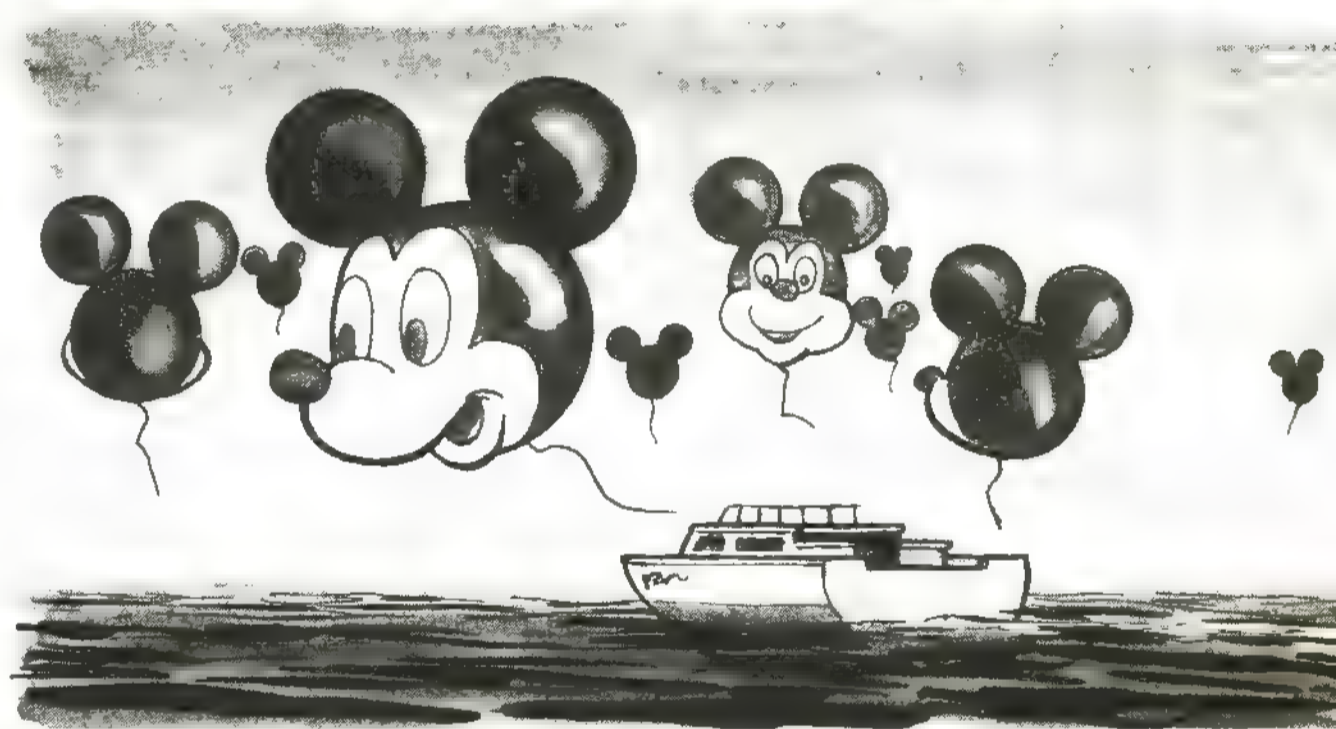
On July 4, 1956, Wilbur Slag was on a picnic with friends at one of the many beaches along Florida's east coast. After consuming thirty-two bottles of an extremely flat beer, Slag suddenly announced to one and all that he was going to swim to China and "teach them damn, rice-fartin' Commies a lesson!" A minute later, he set out into the Bermuda Triangle. That was the last time Wilbur Slag was ever seen. He never reached China. A victim of the vicious Triangle?



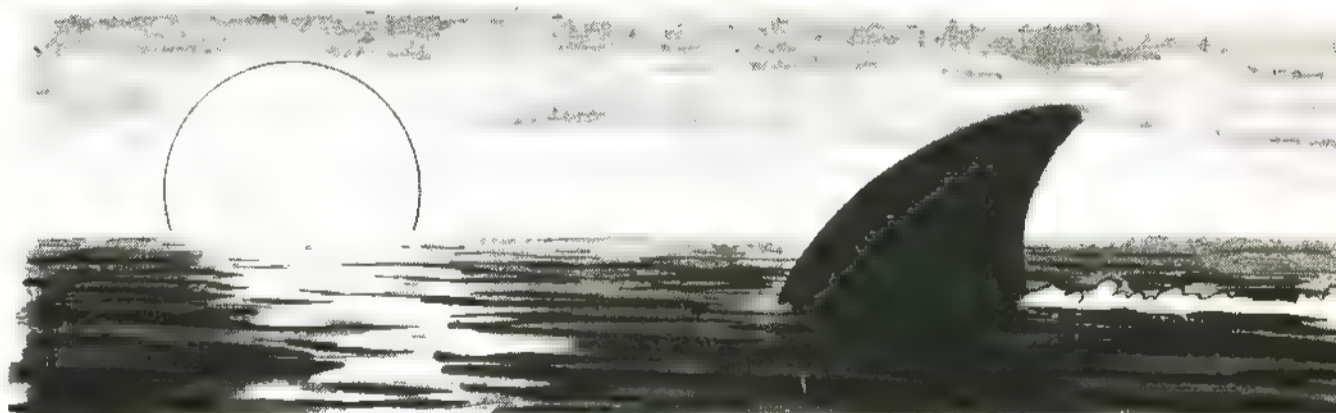
On May 12, 1975, a calm, bright day, an abandoned Dixie cup was found floating off the coast of South Carolina by the Coast Guard. Where did this paper cup come from? Who owned it? And where did he/she go? This is typical of Bermuda Triangle enigmas.



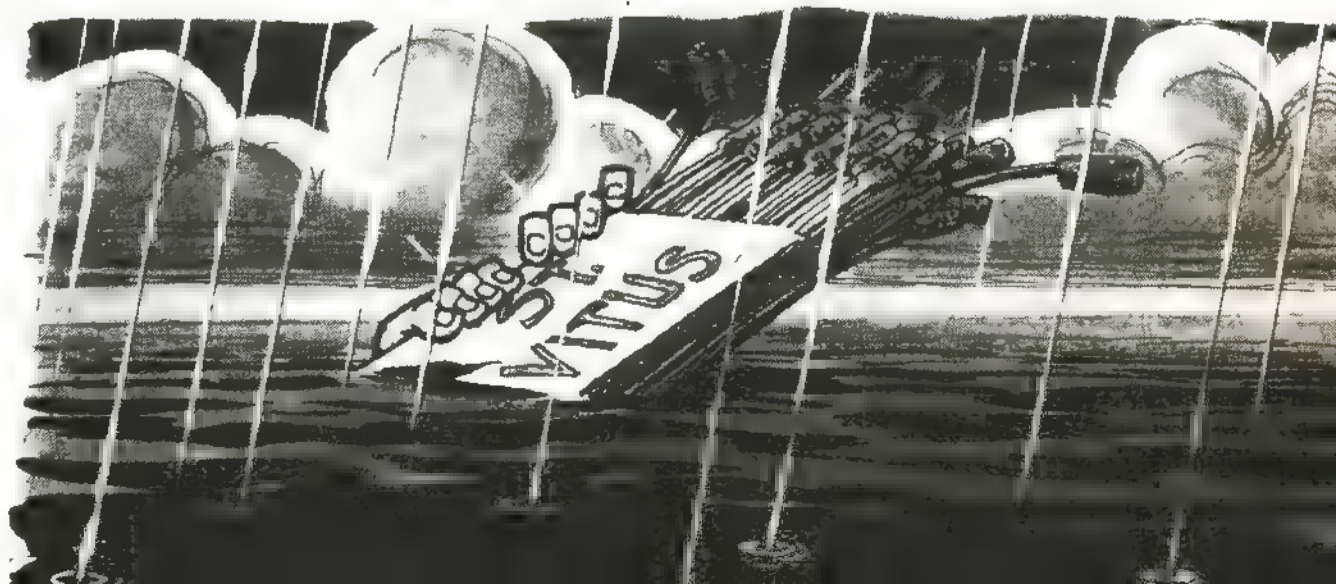
On January 7, 1969, Knud Muskawalt floated into oblivion. Muskawalt was attempting to cross the Atlantic Ocean by balloon. More to the point, he was using twenty thousand helium-filled Mickey Mouse balloons on strings fastened together with a rubber band and attached to his belt with a paper clip. The day was perfect for ballooning when Muskawalt lifted off from his base on the outskirts of Jacksonville, Florida, a sack lunch of grits and sardines gripped tightly in one hand. He hoped to make the trip—Europe and back—in two hours and ten minutes as he didn't want to miss his favorite T.V. reruns of *Gomer Pyle* that evening. But he never completed his flight. Somewhere in the foreboding and treacherous Bermuda Triangle something happened. And Knud Muskawalt disappeared—forever! God save his soul!



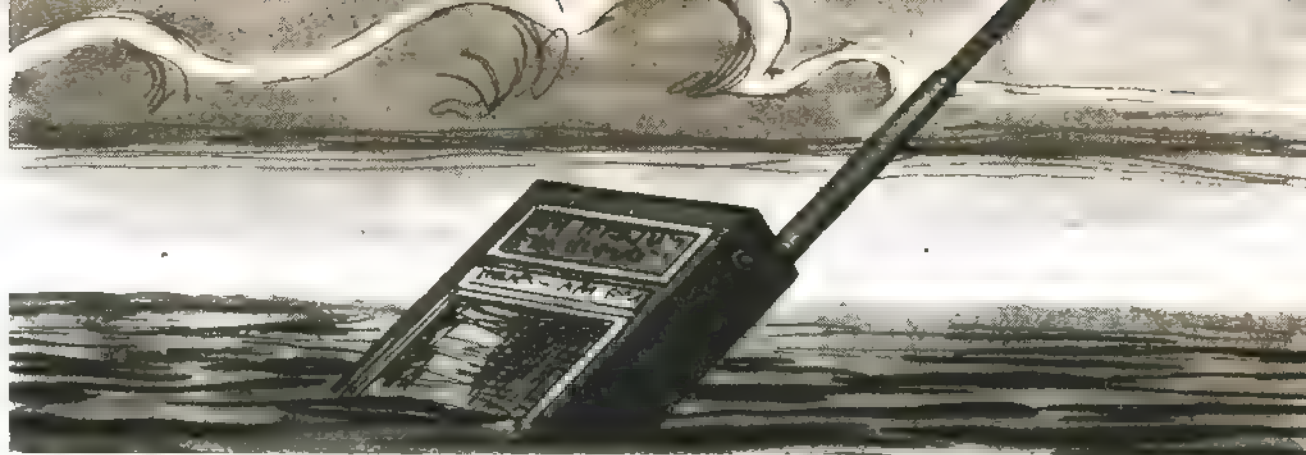
A little known case is that of the ghost boat Eczema I. On March 1, 1967, Zeb Woodrow Nordwax set out from Nassau on his highly seaworthy craft in the best weather possible. He was going scuba diving in shark-infested waters to test a new shark repellent he'd invented—cream cheese and lime after-shave lotion. Two days later the Eczema I was found adrift, but undamaged, with Nordwax missing. What became of him is not known.



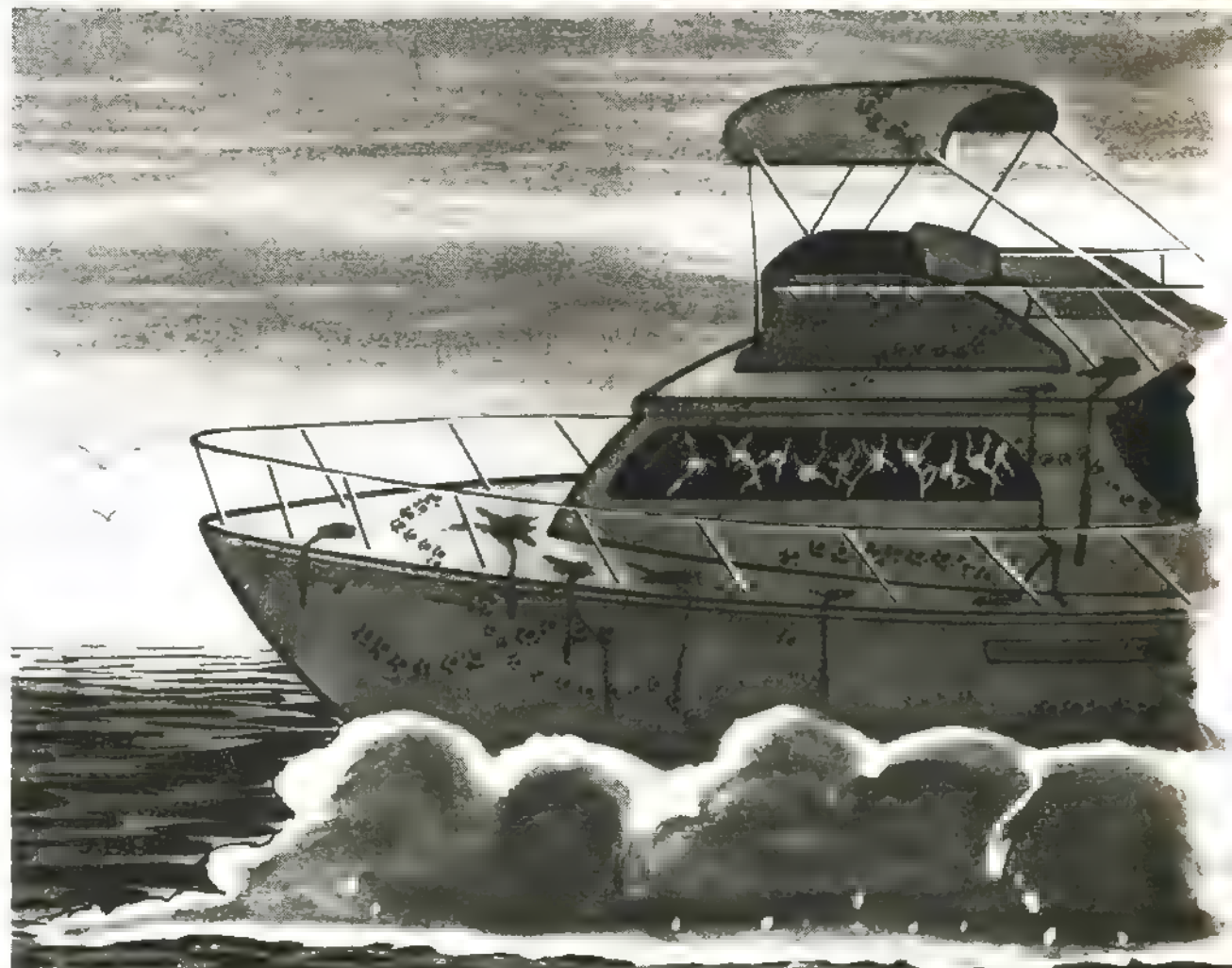
On August 29, 1962, an airplane built from bulrushes and pinetar (christened "The Spirit of St. Vitus") took off from Puerto Rico. The pilot was one Ferd Geekman, of Muncie, Indiana. It was Geekman's theory that ancient Bulgarians flew in planes like his from Puerto Rico to Eastern Europe; and that's why Bulgarians are now located where they are rather than in the West Indies. And he intended to prove his idea by recreating the flight, without the use of radio or compass (ancient Bulgarians didn't have them, according to Geekman). Ferd Geekman was never found. Nor were his bulrushes. Or his pinetar. Beware the Bermuda Triangle!



On May 30, 1965, an unidentified plane off the south coast of Florida transmitted this cryptic message, which was picked up by the U.S. Coast Guard: "Help! I need somebody. Help! Not just anybody. Help! You know I need someone. Help! When I was younger, so much younger than today . . ." and so on. A search for the distressed craft was launched, but it turned up nothing. A hoax? Or . . . ?



On February 26, 1966, Weirdest of all Trianle mysteries is that of "The Lost People of the Sicily." Underworld czar Popolo (Greaseball) DeBunzi, accompanied by four bodyguards, was dining, as guest of honor, on the yacht of Giapollutti (The Wop) Ruboutto, the don of a rival Family. The yacht was a mere twelve miles out of Miami, always within sight of land, on a beautiful evening; yet, when it returned to port, DeBunzi and his men were nowhere on board. How baffling it was! Even an extensive police investigation met with failure. Other guests at the dinner swore that they saw nothing out of the ordinary take place. And all potential clues the police discovered were easily knocked down: the blood stains that bespattered the yacht's dining room, hallways and deck were satisfyingly explained away as an outbreak of nose bleeding; the alleged bullet holes in the dining room walls, ceiling, and floor, as makeshift air vents; and the empty "quick drying" cement bags found in a hidden locker below deck, as souvenirs from the construction of the Panama Canal. So, what did become of DeBunzi and his minions? The insidious Bermuda Triangle gives no answer!



## CHAPTER II

### Possible Unreported Victims of The Bermuda Triangle

Flipper; gas at 27¢ a gallon; Millard Fillmore; Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon; the entire year of 1950; "My Mother the Car"; Andy Hardy; crew cuts; Mitch Miller; "Clean Air" bills in Congress; Mark Spitz; 5¢ candy bars; Steve Reeves; Gidget; Raquel Welch's first five films; wax lips; people who care; Charlie Chan; The Dave Clark Five, The Kingston Trio, Herman's Hermits; 3-D movies; Mr. Ed; virgins . . .

If not victims of the Bermuda Triangle, where are they?



## Epilogue

### CHAPTER III

#### The Truth Unmasked

There are many theories that attempt to explain the disappearances that have taken place in the Bermuda Triangle. One is U.F.O.s. Another is time warps. These are foolish and idiotic rot. After much study, I have come up with the correct answer, the only logical answer. There is a demon.

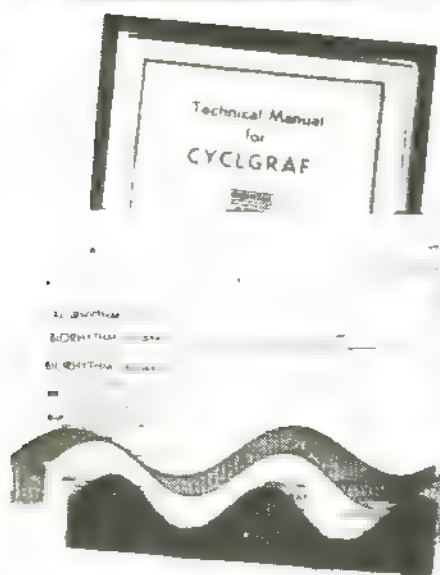
Moishe, who lives a mile into the earth beneath my house. I have proved his existence beyond a doubt through the decoding of newly discovered paint color charts and an application of New Math. My exact methods must remain a secret at the present time. Moreover, I have also learned that Moishe is responsible for every disaster, and the like, in the last three thousand years. He has an invisible ray he shoots into our heads which

causes us to do things. Why, only last week, after a dose of his ray, I was arrested for exposing myself in front of . . . but that's another story.

In conclusion, a warning! Watch out for the Bermuda Triangle. If you enter it, you may never play the banjo again. Or kiss a tree toad. Or throw sheep dip in Lake Titicaca. Or anything.

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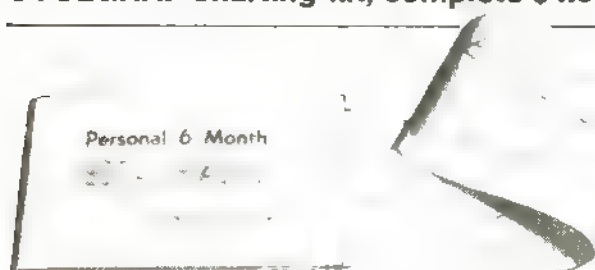
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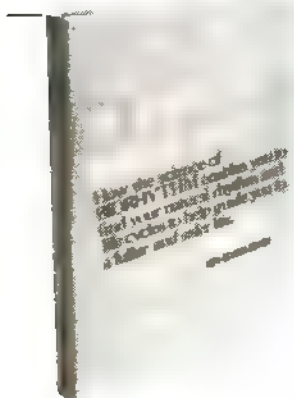


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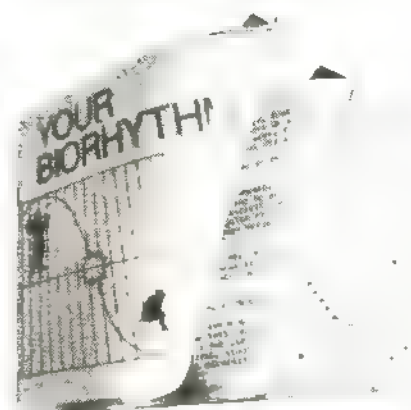
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# Where to Find Chicks

By J. Brown

Why is suave, cool, neo-macho fellow like you currently chickless? Because the tail out there isn't alone and available, that's why. The girls of your fantasies are surrounded by a sea of men—your rivals and your competition.

Even in the singles bars, where there are millions of women dying to be picked up, there are millions of men dying to pick them up. But why should you go where the *other* guys are hunting pussy? Why schlepp to the Metropolitan Museum of a Sunday afternoon only to find the female art students swathed in wads of male art lovers? Take my advice and go where the girls are—and the guys *aren't*.

'Cause we both know that if you can get a chick alone (you with your awful charms), you'll surely be able to take down her telephone number—and perhaps her panties.

So read on. This article guarantees several sure-fire, man-less and woman-full spots where you'll have all the action and *no* competition.

For instance, nearly every public place has a private sanctuary where you can be the lone cock in a yard full of hens. Sound like your wet dreams come true? Well, it is.

For an unlimited selection of the fair sex, all ages, types and sizes, who will be driven away from other men (by natural necessity) to the very spot *you'll* be, park yourself in the closest **LADIES ROOM**.

## Before you go

Prepare to be the restroom White Knight. A trip to the nearest pharmacy will yield you a complete set of bathroom conversation-openers. Be daring: a box of Kotex alone could stamp you as hopelessly out-of-date. Stock up on the latest in feminine hygiene products. A deodorant tampon is always a good start.

## When you get there

Try to look as though you belong. Greet newcomers at the door. To catch the attention of a particular chick, offer to wash and dry her hands with your hair. She'll appreciate the gesture.

Wait patiently for your big opportunity—A woman closes the door to a stall, you hear her rummaging in her bag and then she exclaims, "Oh, shit!" Now is your chance to be of service (and, at the same time, corner her). Approach the stall and shove a wide assortment of your feminine hygiene products under the door. The chick who emerges from that stall will be grateful—and yours



*Girls like these can be yours if you can just find them*

## Icebreakers for the bathroom

*"Come here often? This is my first time."*

*"Say, you've got great ankles."*

The restrooms of restaurants, bars, libraries, hot dog stands, schools, post offices and nuclear power plants may yield you the highest steady turnover in unescorted females but they are by no means the only happy hunting grounds where you will have the chicks all to your lonesome. Say you're a construction worker or a lawyer, an engineer or a business executive. You're probably pulling in the dough and maybe you're left with a feeling of accomplishment at the end of the day. But that's all you've got! If you've limited yourself to a career in one of the high-paying, fulfilling, exciting and basically female-excluded professions you're missing out on the greatest nine-to-five place to meet women (and ergo, if you've been following my reasoning, get fucked).

For a low-paying, mundane and demeaning occupation full to the brim with the thousands of chicks forced there by economic conditions and job discrimination, run to your nearest employment agency and file an application for **THE SECRETARIAL POOL**.

And when you splash down to the depths of the clerical pond, your hard-up friends will be eddying above you in the posh men-only executive dining room.

## How to get there

LRN SPDWRNG. GT A GD JB. FND CHKS. GT LD. But be careful, too much talent—your PHD in Sociology and 60 WPM, for instance—could land you back on square one as an executive secretary. Exec secs are out of the typing pool and assigned to one man. And you've already got one of those.

Once in, become one of the girls. Set yourself up as the office Avon person. That way you can, 1. eat lunch 2. earn money (you'll need it now) 3. shop 4. meet chicks. Soon, you'll have learned the language of the clerk typist and be able to use the following:

## Office ice breakers

*"Got any correct-type?"*

*"Where do they keep the typewriter ribbons?"*

*"Can you put this damn thing in the machine for me?"*

*"How do I get the black stuff off my hands?"*

*"Have you heard about Syliva's operation?"*

*"Do we get workman's compensation for paper-cuts?"*

Before you know it you'll have more coffee-break quickies than you can handle. While your buddies are scoring zero at Maxwell's Plum you'll be making time-and-a-half behind the file cabinets with one of your cute clerical comrades.

Take a letter, Mr. Smith.

But now we're gonna get selective.

Say you want a chick with some fight in her, but you don't want to fight *for* her. Well, then, it's simple. Find out where the right-on chicks congregate and the radic-lib dudes avoid. Be revelant, be liberated, go where the men aren't—visit and *join* your **RADICAL FEMINIST GROUP.**

#### When you go

Dress humble. Take the lifts out of your shoes. Speak softly and carry no sticks. Stoop. Crawl, if necessary. No matter what, you will be noticed and you will find chicks. Or rather, they will find you. At least one should take pity on you as a representative of your benighted sex. And remember, they *are* liberated.

#### Consciousness-Raising Icebreakers

*"I've only just recently learned to cry."*

*"But we are also oppressed by the rigid sexual stereotypes of society."*

*"Pardon me, where is the little boy's room?"*

#### Alternate Plan

Suppose your local liberated group won't accept even *converted* males? You still have one option open to you.

Attend the next meeting in your most rugged, scratchy clothing—even in mid-August, a wool lumberjack shirt, iron-toed boots and sweat socks are appropriate. Comb hair in DA, but do not shave. (Be sure not to go overboard—*do* trim that mustache). Bedeck yourself with the following (or similar) buttons: "Straight is a Drag", "Sappho Sucked", "Nobody Puts His Finger In This Dyke."

And then, be yourself. Belch, if you like. Swagger, if that's your style. Once home with your prize, use some common sense and your male intuition in dealing with the nitty gritty. You can either try to bluff your way through the sticky parts, ("What do you mean by 'different'?") or, if your liberated lady has a sense of humor, trust to the giggle your mutual anatomical differences will evoke

But if equality is not your style, and you're looking for a future wife, mother-to-your-children, private sexpot and experienced floor-scrubber, and not a lecture on The Economic Oppression of Wives Within Marriage, you'll have to search elsewhere for a Princess Charming. Back to the singles bar? No siree. The maidens you'll meet in the meat market are gonna want *you* to cook that hash. If you want to beat out the rest of the guys who are seeking three squares a day and a housewife to serve 'em, go where there are no other "Mr. Rights."

At a **BRIDAL SHOWER** you'll find the bride-to-be, her mother, *his* mother, scads of aunts, a heap of the engaged chick's unengaged girlfriends and *absolute zero* male competition. Bingo, you and you alone have stepped into a nest of nest mak-

ers, smack into a horde of housewife apprentices.

#### How to Get There

It is highly unlikely that you will soon receive an engraved invitation to one of these all-female sacrosanct occasions. Instead, ask any married cousins (female), sisters (ditto) or mothers of an upcoming event. Then, press your wide tie, brush off the navy blue Robert Hall blazer with the gold finish buttons and polish your good black shoes. And buy a gift, for gawd's sake. No matter your sex, race, nationality or creed, a suitably wrapped gift will gain you entrance to any bridal shower.

Hold the package in front of your face until you get inside the door. One mother (the swiftest) will snatch it from you. Tell the other mother that the first invited you. Neither will be speaking to the other (or looking at her, if this has been a long engagement) and there will be no way to check out your story.

When the blushing bride-to-be arrives, make sure your "Surprise" is warm and friendly. Titter, if tittering is the norm. Seat

yourself to her right in the gift-opening circle: this will allow *you* to stick the ribbons and bows to the paper plate she will later wear as a hat. Single out the chicks you are most interested in and compliment them on their package ornaments. "Isn't this sweet!" may be used as often as necessary.

#### Bridal Shower Ice Breakers

*"OOO, how cute!"*

*"You know it's quality when it's Tupperware."*

*"Well, they can always use another set of salt and pepper shakers."*

*"What a coincidence! I was going to get her that, too!"*

Now that you know where the chicks are, go get 'em, tiger. Or better still, find your own private preserves of female pulchritude. When visiting New York City, discover the untrammled joys of Times Square, where the chicks compete for you! In Moslem nations, consider convenient harems your chief stomping grounds. But at home and abroad, best of luck, Fella. You'll need it.

## Then, what to do . . .



*This ad was run nationwide to promote the author's exploitive book*

# Psycho-Kinetic Cooking

“Food Cooks from Spoon to Mouth”

Triplenight Publishing announces the release of a new cookbook that uses the powers of the mind instead of the stove, *Psycho-Kinetic Kitchen Dynamics*, by Helen Ovenitsch, noted food stuff editor of the *Daily Chicago Tribune Herald*. Available in hardcover, 251 pp. Ms. Ovenitsch is in the process of signing a contract for a televised series which will replace the spot held by Julia Child for 12 years. Ovenitsch is currently demonstrating her techniques on various talk shows cross-country. A witty woman, she threatened to “broil” Johnny Carson when he made repeated jokes about her cooking. She describes her how-to as “simply fantastic. My book will revolutionize housewives all over the nation—if not the world.” French chef and world-renowned gourmet Jean-Luc Pierre Darsault exclaims, “Omelets that make themselves! *Mon Dieu!*”

Psycho-kinetic culinary arts is a relatively new phenomenon. When properly used it saves time and energy. It is the purest and simplest way to cook. From now on techniques which only the finest European chefs use can be guiltlessly forgotten as you think your way from appetizer to dessert. Wire whisking will become a mental snap, not manual drudgery. Throw your Cuisinart and Osterizer out the window.

Preparation is very simple. Merely concentrate on the finished dish, *think energy* and enjoy!!! I began to experiment with psycho-kinetic cooking at the Massachusetts Commonwealth Institute for Scientific Home Economics back in '71. At first I couldn't even boil water. I trained myself by making ice cubes. In the years that followed, as the theory of psycho-kinetic became more and more adaptable to the kitchen, I refined and harnessed my technique so that I could even make my souffles puff.

Mental Concentration, exactly as I will describe, will do all the work for you. *Bon Appetit!*

## Produce Your Own Microwaves

### Basic Kitchen Skills



Peeling



Slicing



Diceing



Creaming

### California Onion dip

#### Ingredients:

Lipton Onion Soup

4 oz sour cream

1 Double Bag Wise Potato Chips

Assemble the ingredients in mixing order along your counter top or work space. Open packet of soup, container of sour cream and place in a large mixing bowl. Think: **MIX MIX MIX MIX!** (The trick here is to visualize yourself actually mixing the ingredients by hand.) Serve garnished with paprika and the chips alongside.

Note: If you find that you've spilled at your first attempt, think back to the working order of the ingredients. If you lined them up in order, then make sure the radio is off, the dog isn't barking and other distractions are minimized or eliminated.



### Celery Root Remoulade

#### 3 Celery Roots

Lemon Juice

1 cup Mayonnaise

Dijon Mustard

Wash the celery roots and “pare” them by concentrating on peeling. As they peel themselves in your hands change your grip to insure even peels. Next, place the roots on a cutting surface. Think: **SLICE SLICE SLICE!**

Transfer the slice to a large bowl containing rest of the ingredients and think **MIX MIX MIX MIX!**

Refrigerate for 24 hours or think **cold**. Twenty-four hours of refrigeration is tantamount to 1½ minutes' concentration on **COLD COLD COLD!**

### Buttered Peas and Carrots

#### Ingredients:

1 6 oz package Frozen Birds' Eye Peas and Carrots

2 cups tap water

Place the plastic pouch of frozen vegetables in a flame-proof bowl. Pour the tap water over it. Think **BOIL BOIL BOIL BOIL!** Remove the pouch and open by thinking **RIP RIP RIP!** (This does away with the need for kitchen shears.)



### Steak Diane

#### Ingredients:

1 ten-oz sirloin steak

butter

1 Tlb cognac

2 Tlb sherry

1 tsp chopped chives

Place steak on cutting surface. Think **FLAT FLAT FLAT!** (This does away with pounding the meat for thinness.) Put butter on the serving plate and place the steak on top. Think **BROWN BROWN BROWN!** Turn the steak once and think **BROWN BROWN BROWN!** again. Hold the sherry and the cognac in a cup in your other hand and think **HEAT HEAT HEAT HEAT!** Pour the mixture over the steak and think **FLAMBE FLAMBE FLAMBE!**

Garnish with the chopped chives and serve immediately.

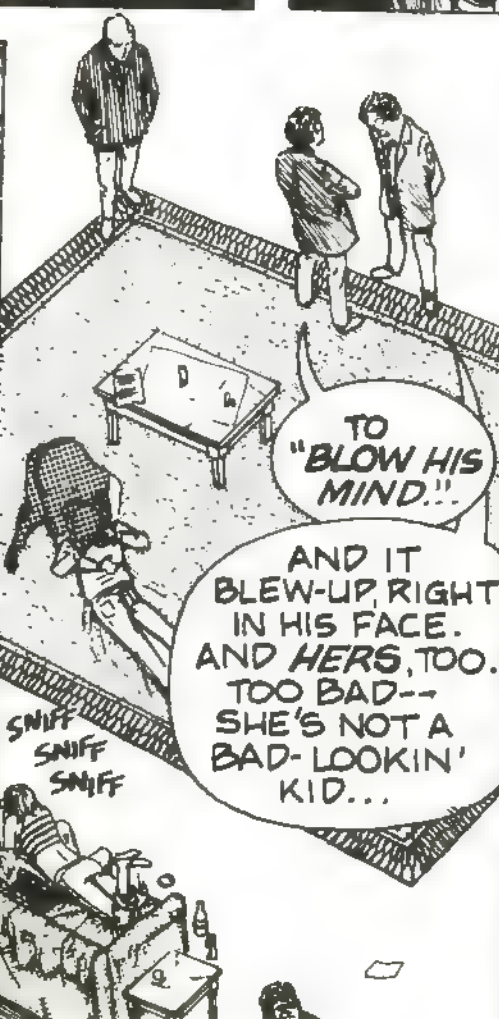
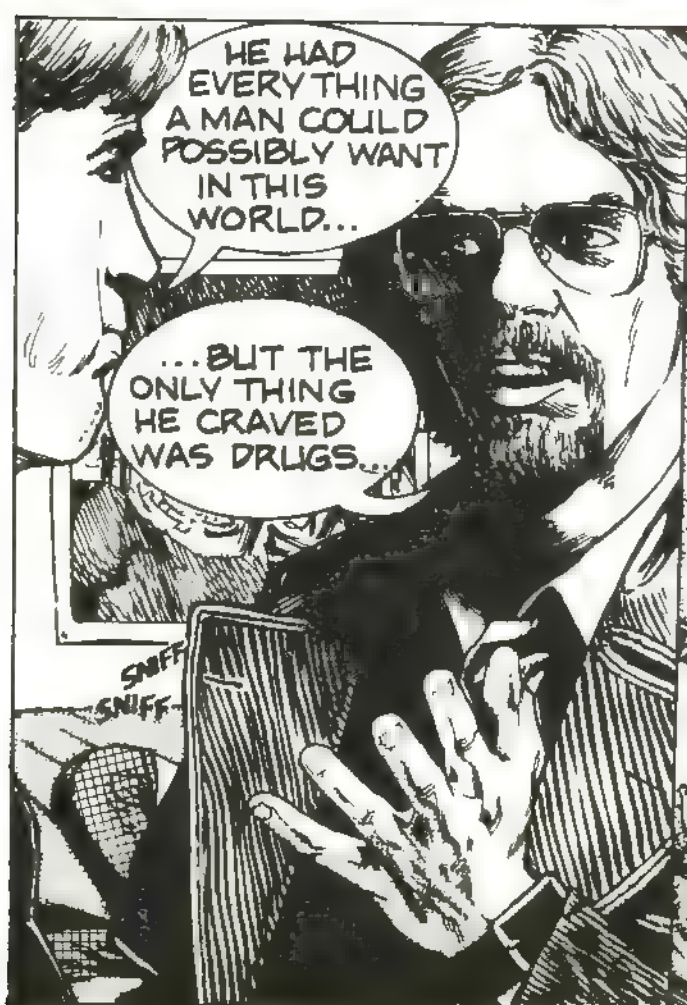
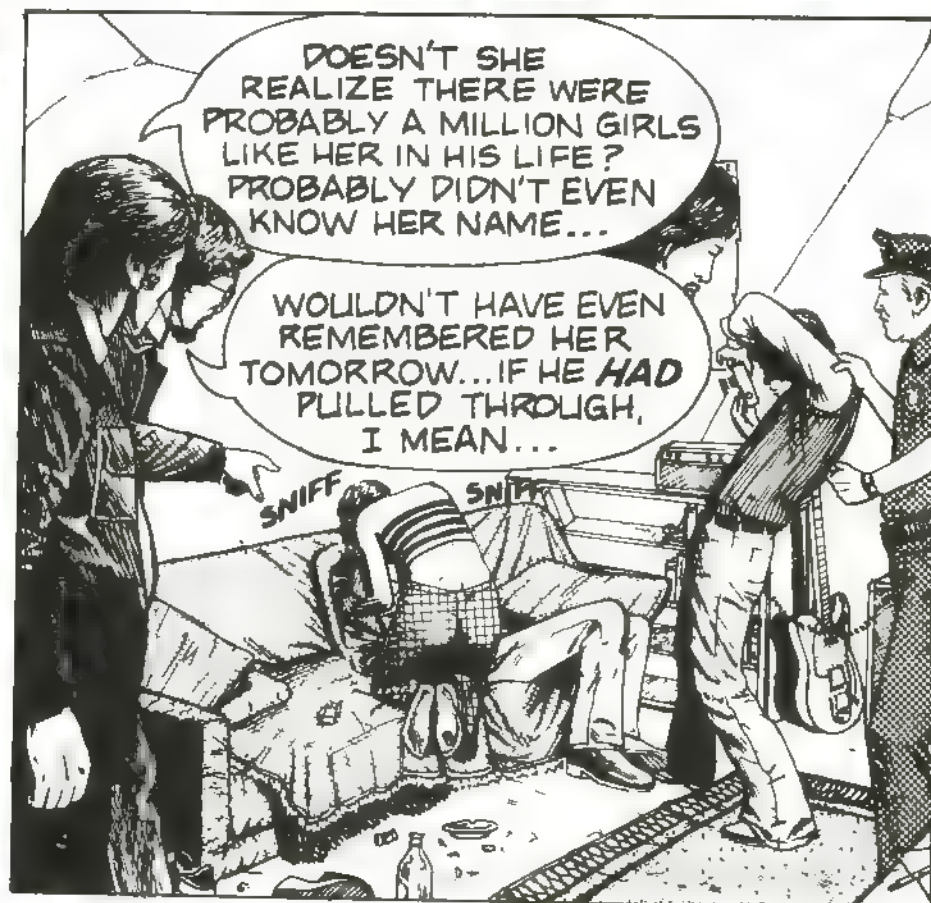


GOLLY  
G.  
GOODVIBES

·IN·

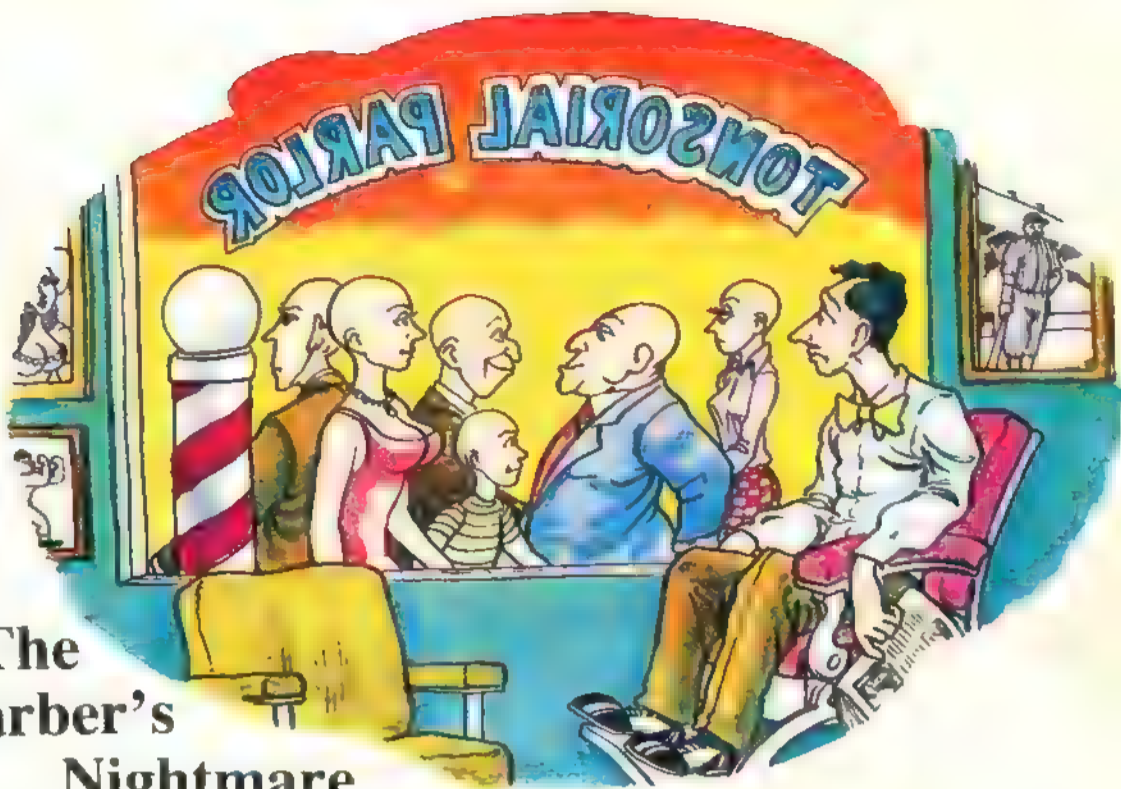
# Death of a Rock Star

WRITTEN BY  
JOE KANE  
DRAWN BY:  
CARL POTTS



# Nightmares

By Peter Bramley

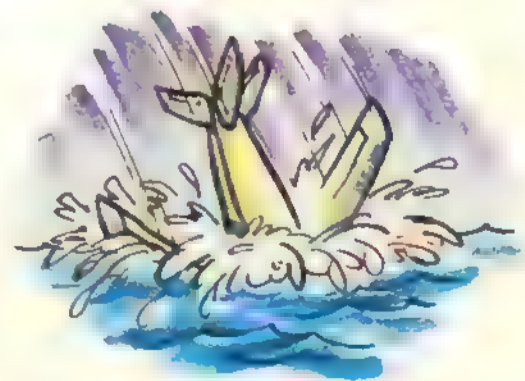
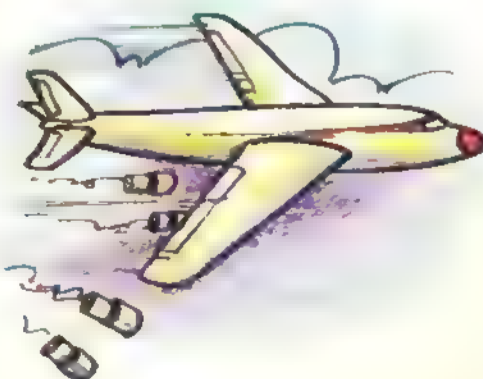
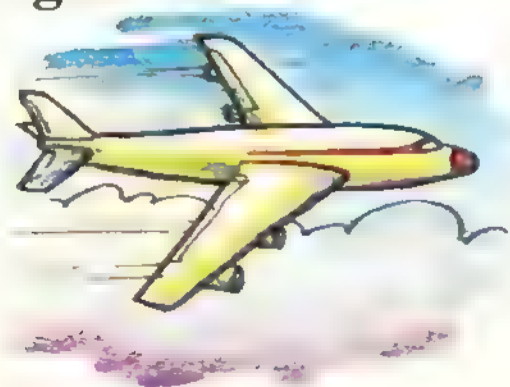


The  
Barber's  
Nightmare

The  
Architect's  
Nightmare

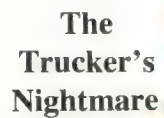


The  
Pilot's  
Nightmare

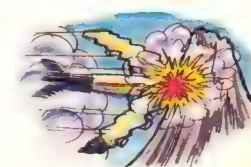
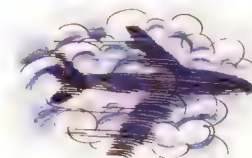
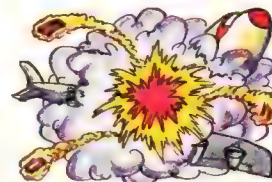
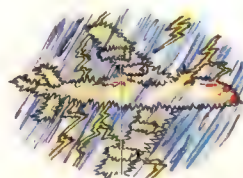
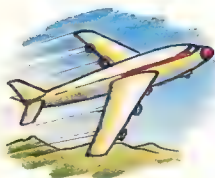




## The Policeman's Nightmare



## The Jealous Husband's Nightmare



# TRAILER CAMP

## CONFIDENTIAL



FRANK L. LEE... DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND HIS CONTROL AND VERY COMPREHENSION, HAS BEEN FORCED TO SEEK SHELTER AT **POINT NADA TRAILER COMBINE**...

WHICH WAY TO POINT NADA?

HELEN WEALS AND ROSE PETTLE; TWO **TRAILER CAMP TRAMPS**!! HELEN, NOT SO SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH FRANK, CALLS...

### GLOSSARY OF TERMS

BICYCLE SEAT- PERSON WITH B.O.  
BLEACHERS- ALBINO TRAILER CAMPS  
CASE- A REAL GOOD LOOKER  
CHUG-A-LUG- A GOOD TIME  
DRAFT- A BAR FLY  
FLAT- USED UP DUDE  
HANG TEN- PUTTING OUT THE WASH  
POP- TOP- A LOONY  
SPLIT BEAVER- FURRY CREATURE SQUASHED ON THE HIGHWAY  
TIRE IRON- A HARD ASS

FRANK!

I GOT A YEN FOR THAT MAN... AN' I DON'T MEAN NO CHINESE COIN.

HE'S A CASE, OKAY

OUTSIDE THE **OLD LOG INN**, POINT NADA NEW JERSEY...

RIGHT AFTER FRANK AN' HIS WIFE MOVED INTO THE CAMP, HE LOST HIS DRILLIN' JOB OVER BY **TORPORVILLE** AN' SHE SPENDS NEARABOUT ALL HER TIME AT THE **LOONYBIN** UPSTATE AN' CAN'T NO LONGER TEND TO HER **WIFELY DUTIES**. FRANK, HE **STILL** WON'T HARDLY LOOK AT **ANOTHER WOMAN**.

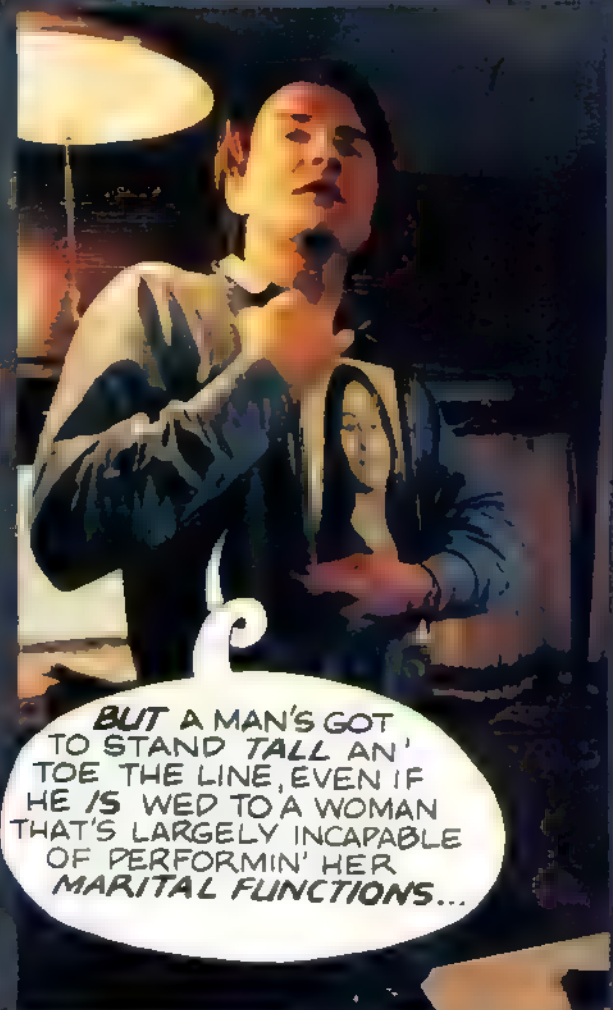
BUT Y'KNOW SOMETHIN'?... I DO BELIEVE HE'S BENDING...

BENDING?

BUT YOU KNOW FRANK. IT'S LIKE BEATING YOUR HEAD AGAINST A DEAD HORSE.

HORSE?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT FRANK'S TRAILER.



MRS LEE, AN INCURABLE CATATONIC AT THE SOMA COUNTY REST HOME FOR THE HOPELESSLY UNHINGED, IS RELEASED ON WEEKENDS FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR.



AND...



MINUTES LATER...



MEANWHILE, IN A PRIMITIVE TRAILER CAMP IN THE TROPICS...



TRAILER CAMP FACTS: DID YOU KNOW THAT **LEPERS** LIVE ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY IN TRAILER CAMPS?

FIVE MINUTES LATER...



TEN MINUTES LATER...



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



EVENTUALLY...



FINALLY...



ELEVEN BEERS AND MUCH DISCUSSION LATER...



ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP...



TRAVIS HARLEY AND OTIS DAVIDSON TRAILER CAMP LAYOUTS



TRAILER CAMP FACTS: A TRAILER FROM PT. NADA WAS ONCE CARRIED A HUNDRED MILES BY A TORNADO AND SAFELY LANDED IN AN ORANGE COUNTY SCHOOLYARD KILLING FOURTEEN CHILDREN, BUT INJURING NOONE IN THE TRAILER!

TWO MINUTES LATER...



AND NOW FOR AN EXCITING SCENE FROM THE NEXT EPISODE OF TRAILER CAMP CONFIDENTIAL:



WHEN POINT NADA IS VISITED BY A BEING WHO ARRIVES IN HIS UNIDENTIFIED FLYING TRAILER.

# REVENGE FOR 17 BILLION SOLD

ALIEN COWS IN UFOS ATTACK BURGER EATERS



Photos by Michael Sullivan

# Fast Foods Slowly

By *I.I.*'s All-American  
Columnist *Harry Reasonik*  
(as dictated to his  
secretary, Miss Stottle)



America eats on the run. We are a hardy, pioneer-descended, *busy* breed of folk, blessed by Nature with a hearty omnivorous appetite and the digestion of a Bessemer furnace. These unique attributes are reflected at their best in our day-to-day dining habits, which are both the scandal and the secret envy of the rest of the world.

For example, a friend of mine from Paris, France recently toured the 48 states with his family. Open quote. "We ate hamburgers in Nantucket," he wrote to me afterward. "In Manhattan we had the world's longest hotdog. In Texas we had tacos coming out our ears. The Frenchfries of Boise were better than those on the Bois de Boulogne. California Coca-Cola was unapproachable, milkshakes in Missouri

were thicker than sweet asphalt, and need I say the pickles in Pensacola were positively volatile? But, But," he asks wryly, "why, my friend Harry, were we never allowed to sit and eat at the same time?" Close quote, Miss Stottle.

There's the difference. In most other parts of the world a person *sits down* to eat a long, complicated menu of painstakingly-prepared courses—to the background, most often, of mellow woodwind music —and commits himself to a long, gruelling ordeal of tasting, chewing and swallowing. Whereas in *this* country we dine on our feet, as quickly as possible, expending all that gustatory energy in one brief but violent spasm of concentrated *eating*. It says something splendid about our national character.

*In Manhattan we had the world's longest hot dog.*



# McEat

## AMERICA



TWO OLD BAG LADIES, SMELLING  
SALTS, LET US PLEASE HAVE A  
NICKLE FOR OUR PEDIGREE NUN



### Standing up...

Or else we eat in our cars, which can hardly be called "sitting down." It is our heritage from our cowboy forebears: how far removed, after all, is a sticky-fingered kid rummaging through a bag of frenchfries in the back seat of Dad's Buick from Wyatt Earp, forking down a hasty bowl of beans on the back of his cayuse halfway between Abilene and St. Louis on the Long Drive? The only difference being that Junior's frenchfries are forever being condemned by self-appointed "nutrition experts," while nobody would've *dared* to criticize Wyatt Earp's homely old pinto beans.

New paragraph, Miss Stottle. In any event, there seems blessed little cause to worry about the burgeoning American phenomenon of Fast Foods. We still grow healthier, taller, better-looking and brighter youngsters than anywhere else, and any Frenchman who says different is merely prey to the understandable delusions of Gallic chauvinism. One hesitates to declare that maybe the Almighty really *meant* Man to eat on the run, but —long dash—before *escargot* was ever invented, we *did* spend a few hasty millinea snatching our daily bread from between the paws of sabre-tooth tigers, didn't we?



# McNap

At the new MacDougal Motor McLodges.



**Drive up for your ½ hour McNap: \$2.50.**

You also get . . . A large McNapkin to cover you and a warm glass of milk.

# —Two Big Fat Paddies, Soggy Slop, Stinky Cheese, Ketchup, Sawdust on a Stickily Stale Bun.

## MEMORIZING "BIG MICK"



**Dr. Talbot Everglade, University of Arizona at Tuscon:** "As a mnemonic exercise, I have found the McDougal's Big Mick jingle to be splendidly rewarding for my students. I instruct them, first of all, to visualize 'two big fat paddies' as a couple of caricatured Irish police officers, Pat and Mike, with tall copper helmets and prominent paunches. They are attempting to share a bowl of sloppy Mulligan stew in a soggy bog, you see? Pat owns a stinky goat, which provides them with cheese on the side. Mike is eating more quickly than Pat, who is trying frantically to catch up, if you get the image. They wish instead of a bog they were in an Irish pub, with sawdust on the floor. Of course, some of my students are Irish, so all this is a sticky subject, and the joke is rather stale to begin with. It's the word 'roll' I still have trouble with."



**Greg Almondjoy, 19, Buena Vista, California:** "It was a real challenge, man I mean, like I have trouble remembering my address sometimes, you know? But this one, like I really had to pick up on it, man. So I taped it off the 'Gilligan's Island' commercials, you know, and played it back real slow and wrote it down, like. Then I took my Gibson and worked out the score, like, and recorded it myself with ear-phones. Then I mixed the tape with bass guitar, tambourine and drums, and put in an 8-minute solo between 'soggy slop' and 'stinky cheese'."

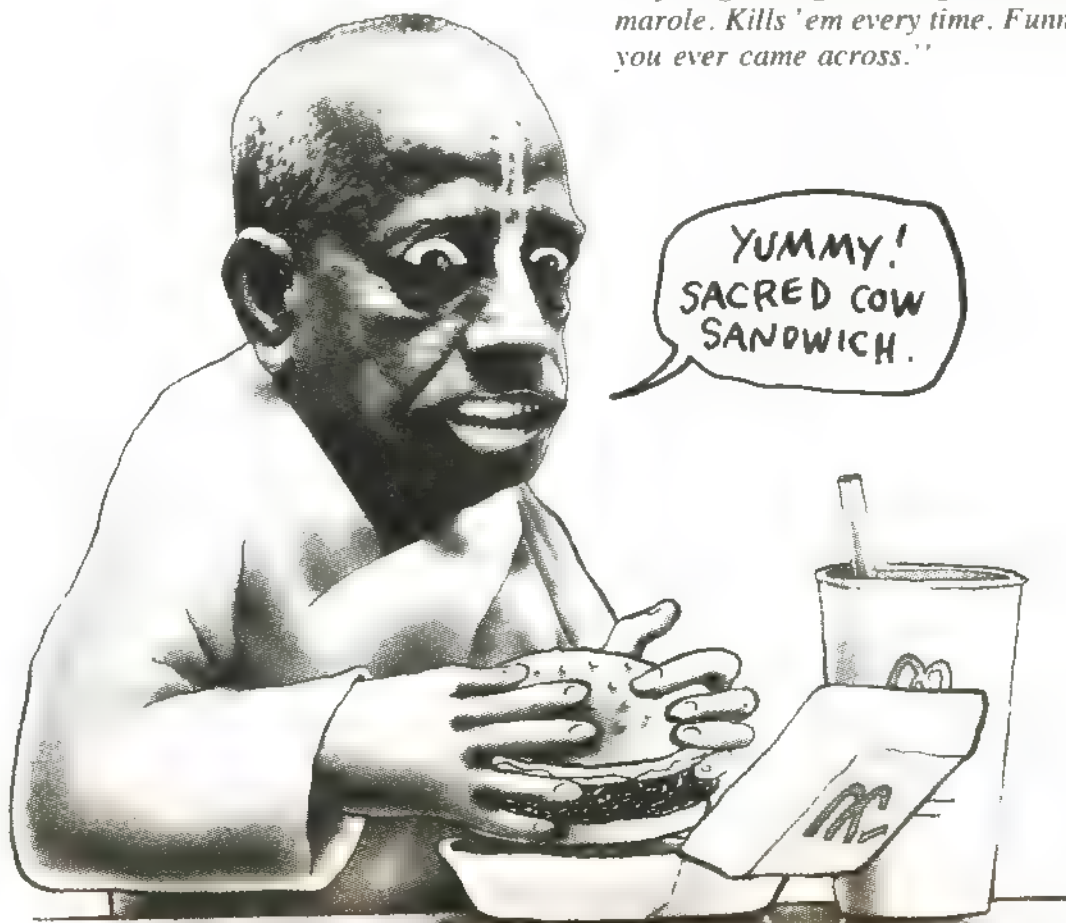


**Sheila Stelazino, 16, Benrus Watch, Indiana:** It was in the line for lunch at school last fall, I heard Connie DeWitt run off the whole thing, for cripe sakes! She was real stuck-up about it, the first one in our group to learn it. God, did I ever feel like two cents! But then I listened real close next day, and she had it wrong. She was saying "sawdust" before "ketchup," and "Sesame Street bun," for cripe sakes. So I really applied myself and got it right over the weekend, and boy did I ever zing it to her the next time! She thinks she's so smart, that Connie DeWitt!"

Every now and then an advertising jingle comes down the pike that fairly forces its way into the common language of everyday America. Remember "Mother, I'd rather do it myself?" Or "It's not how long you make it, it's how you make it long?" Well, over recent seasons, slowly but surely, the McDougal's "Big Mick" jingle has been nudging its way into common parlance. This is quite a phenomenon, since for length and complexity it approaches a Shakespearean sonnet. Curiously enough, though, kids seem to pick up on it right away, while adults must apply themselves in order to memorize it properly.



**Chuck McDuck, 38, Detroit, Michigan:** "Aw, I don't know how to rattle off all that stuff. I always get to stuttering right around 'Big Fat Puddles.' But there's this funny guy Zig Merkin, drives a big semi for International, he's got it down straight. Funniest guy you ever saw, always up to something. You can hear him practicing it over the CB radio, hours at a stretch, just singing away. It's great to meet him at a truckstop: he just walks in, the waitress asks him what he wants, and he just goes right through the whole rigmarole. Kills 'em every time. Funniest guy you ever came across."





McAmplify McBurps with your McCup



Build a French Fry Fort

# Crafts

Be creative and make the most out of your leftovers. And also build your Mcabulary.

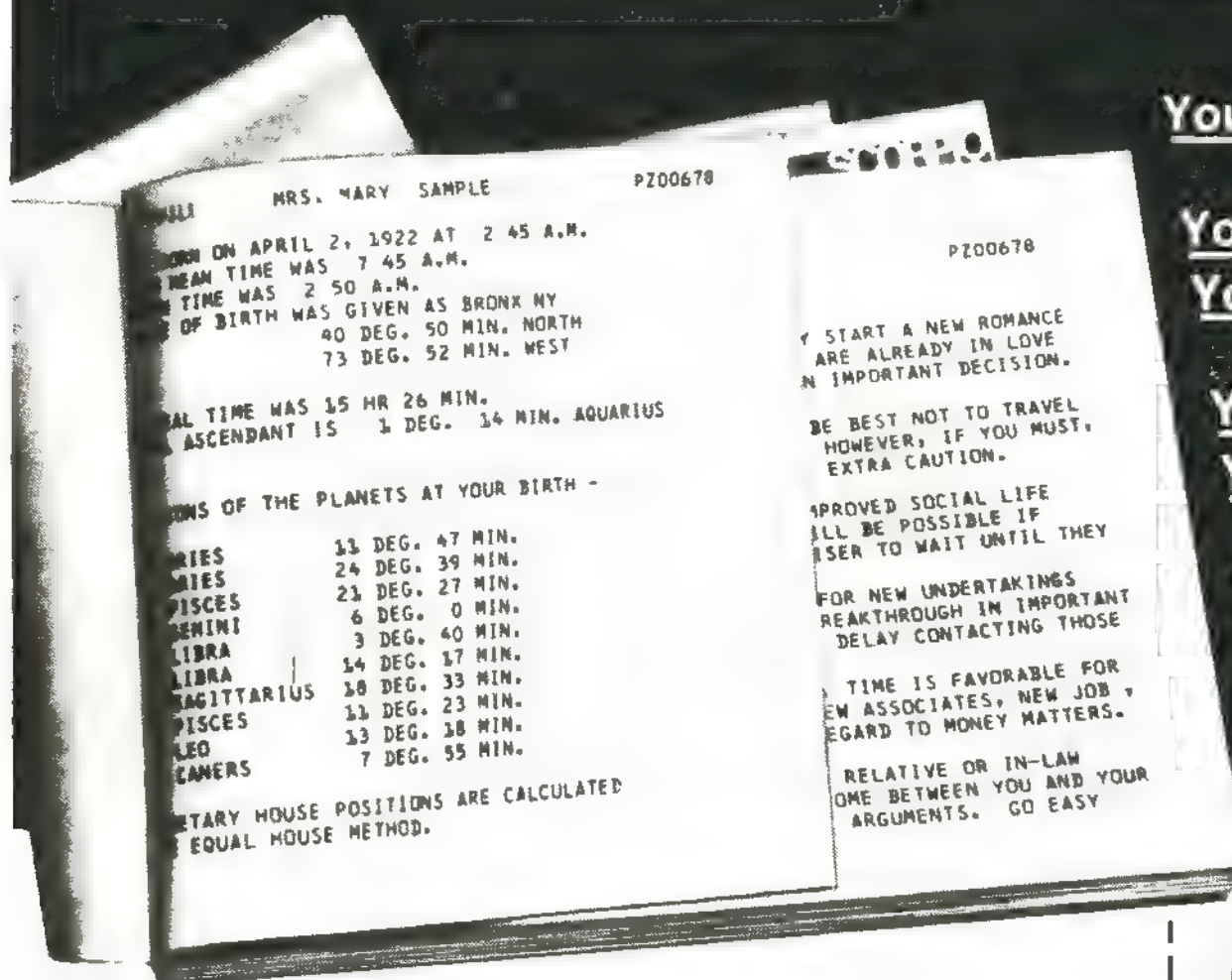
McVomit



TODAY YOU'RE JES A LITTLE DOGGIE... BUT SOMEDAY YOU'LL GROW INTO A BIG DOUBLE CHEESE MICK WITH SPECIAL SAUCE.



# Now a Personalized Horoscope you can believe in! for only \$7<sup>50</sup>



Your love life and  
romance

Your job and career  
Your strength and  
weaknesses

Your talents and potential  
Your character and  
personality analysis

Your happiness and  
success

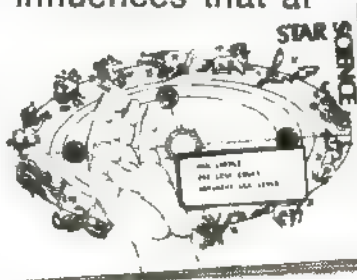
Your forecast for the  
next 12 months

Are you doing as well as you would like? Feel frustrated in your ambitions? Are you worried about your romance, your future, your home problems? Are you having trouble making ends meet? Money problems got you down? Are you concerned with what will happen in the next 12 months?

This incredible detailed personal horoscope can help to solve all of your problems and give you the confidence you're searching for. This amazing report is all about YOU and no one else. No two reports are exactly alike. This computerized horoscope is based on your month, day, year, time and place of birth.

How can your horoscope help you? By revealing the real YOU — your true character and all the hidden influences that affect your life.

We are bringing you this report so that you may benefit from the ancient science of astrology combined with today's space age infallible computers.



## STAR SCIENCE

540 Madison Avenue, Dept. KB

Please prepare for me a confidential In-depth personal Star Science Report which will include my projections for the next 12 months. I enclose \$7.50 plus 50c for shipping and handling, plus tax, or charge to my account. 365 Day money-back guarantee.

Charge my: (check one) ☐ Diners Club  
☐ Master Charge ☐ Uni-Card ☐ Carte Blanche  
☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express

Acct. No. \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss (Please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Place of Birth \_\_\_\_\_

Month \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Year \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Time of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

If exact time isn't known we'll use 12:00 noon.

STAR SCIENCE

540 Madison Avenue, Dept. KB

# THE SHOOTING OF MOVIES BLUE



(To: "The Shooting of Dan McGrew")

A bunch of the "boys" were whooping it up  
On a high Fire Island dune;  
Costumed in drag and playing tag  
To the music of "Clair de Lune;"  
Close by the surf, on the sandy turf,  
Stood a jovial cast and crew;  
With each swishy splash, they were raking in cash.  
For the shooting of movies "blue."

These dastardly deeds were a plot of the Swedes,  
Who invaded the U.S.A.,  
With X-Rated stuff—each star in the buff—  
Goodybe and good luck, Doris Day!  
The flicker un-nice to first break the ice  
And make ev'ry Puritan bellow,  
Was smorgasbord bore—while not quite hard-core—  
What a draw! "I Am Curious Yellow."  
A sham love affair, just participants bare  
But the audience blossomed and grew;  
With one whiff of loot, they continued to shoot  
The movies we know as "blue."

A shock wave resounded throughout our land,  
And strong men wept like wrecks;  
Though Columbus discovered America,  
We'd just discovered sex!  
'Twixt lady and gent, 'most ev'rything went;  
Their underthings they did fling:  
From teen-age affairs, to couples in pairs,  
To stewardesses who'd swing.  
Soon, droves were leaping into a bed  
(With no redeeming sleep).  
Their crowning pearl—they had found a girl—  
With a throat extremely deep!

Those calling the shots found they didn't need plots  
To lure the prurient in;  
If the audience saw a behind in the raw,  
No mind if the story-line's thin.  
Then came the device of "marriage advice"—  
Ham actors portraying physicians;  
And an athletic pair who'd make you despair—  
Only pretzels could know those positions!  
If that didn't suitcha, the old Kama Sutra  
Your love-life would renew;  
Or if that gave no charge, they'd use a garage  
For the shooting of movies "blue."

Yet, one longs for the days of the code of Will Hays;  
Be you Swede or Dane or Balkan,  
When Bogie was heard to see a girl's bird—  
Was referring, of course, to her Falcon.  
And Ginger and Fred never went near a bed,  
But romanced as they danced the fandango.  
When the porno kings speak of a scene "cheek-to-cheek,"  
They've in mind a behind in Last Tango!  
Oh, where will they stop, this X-Rated crop;  
Will they undress the "classics," as well?  
And cast Charlie Chan as a dirty old man—  
And Rebecca of Sunny Motel?  
'Fraid you're doomed to more squalor, if you will pay your dollar  
For endless "messages," it's true.  
"Get dressed, darling Georgie! We'll be late for the orgy!—  
After shooting this movie 'blue!'"

By Fred Wolfe

# THE MACHINE THAT PRINTS MONEY.

One of the first things I learned as a boy was, "You don't get something for nothing."

Today I know that is simply not true!

I make that statement because I have in my hand *the system of the century* — a device that virtually *prints* money!

Now I'm not talking about a party gag, magic show or variety-store item. This method is not a gimmick that will "amaze your friends" until the trick is discovered. What I'm talking about is a fantastic new technique to *invest* and *re-invest* your money until the small sum you started with is multiplied into *many thousands of dollars*.

Do I have your attention so far?

Good. Because my method has to do with something that many people find distasteful . . . yes, even *laugh at*! The subject brings out strong opinions in almost everyone — pro or con — and may get a pretty strong reaction from you, too.

The subject is horse racing.

Whoa. Stop right there. I know . . . I've heard everything there is to say about the ponies. "You can't beat the horses." "A fool and his money are soon parted." "Gamble with fate, and you pay the price." "I had an uncle who lost everything . . ."

I don't argue with anybody. If a person is bent on self-destruction, he's simply going to find a way. Booze. Women. Debts. Gambling. Maybe even drugs. Nothing you can do or say is going to change the outcome, and the method that the troubled person takes to beat himself is not the issue.

Over the years horse racing has come in for a big share of the knocks. Everybody knows somebody who has gambled away a living, maybe a fortune, on the sport of kings. Recently I talked to a very solid citizen who told me, "If racing's the sport of kings, I never saw any kings out there!"

Again, I don't argue the point. Because I know what I know. I know that a prudent person who has a few dollars to spend can make a very handsome living at the track — with my secret, strictly — and I'll argue that point with anybody!

My secret is simple. So simple, in fact, that I am sure some of the so-called racing "experts" will sneer at my method *without* even investigating it. After all, that's human nature. But really, I don't feel bad . . . *why should I?* I have what they don't have . . . what no one has. The *secret* to a machine that virtually *prints* money!

I call my secret "The System of the Century." If you've never played the horses before (in fact, if you've never even been to a race track!), you'll be astounded at the simplicity of this logical, common-sense way to pick winners that return \$10, \$20, and even \$50 bills for a mere \$2 wager.

The system consists of four simple rules . . . four rules you can read and memorize in just *one hour* at home. One of these rules — Rule No. 4 — is so elementary that you can go to any race track with an infield turf (grass) course and start writing your own checks tomorrow *as though you'd been a track pro for twenty years*!

Of course, if you're a regular horseplayer, "The System of the Century" will have even greater appeal. How many times have you spent *hours* pouring over a single race, doping out every detail, figuring every angle . . . only to find that the horse you picked to begin with and decided against for some reason even *you* can't remember — romped home an easy winner? (And paid a whopping \$60!) Or how about the time your brother-in-law talked you off that horse you knew would win — and did!

But I'm not here to change anybody's mind or re-open old wounds. What I'm here to do is to tell you about a method, a *technique* that is so *ridiculously easy to understand* . . . a system that will put so much money in your pocket . . . you'll wonder where it's been all these years.

Where *has* "The System of the Century" been all this time? The answer: In my head. I've been in racing all my life, and in that time I've had good years and lean years. Over the years I have become progressively better at what I do. *win money at the races*. (Last year it made over \$500,000 for me — yes, over a half-a-million bucks — and I'm only 33 years old!)

One night, when I was bored watching TV, I sat and wrote down on a piece of paper the things that I consider to be *critically important* during the running of a horse race. Would you believe it? I came up with only *four* things and all so simple a twelve-year-old can master them in under sixty minutes!

That's how "The System of the Century" was born. And I decided right then and there to make the system available to anyone with a "will to win" — with an *honest* interest in getting ahead.

All you need is a grubstake — as little as \$20 and a little patience. "The System of the Century" does the rest. Just follow these four little rules (strictly!) and start cashing those big parimutuel tickets most folks just dream about

## WHO IS MIKE WARREN?

America's premier handicapper. Mike Warren is well on his way to becoming a self-made millionaire at 33 . . . because he picks 'em with *uncanny* consistency. Read what his fans have to say . . .

"You are **FANTASTIC!!!** Absolutely **THE GREATEST!!!** All four of the horses you gave me at Aqueduct Saturday won and paid real good. Thank you very much . . ."

N.P., Los Angeles, Calif.



"I must tell you . . . it's just *fantastic*. Both horses (clicked). The first paid \$35.40 . . . the second \$10.20 — made a nice bundle."

E.A.S., Chicago, Illinois

Why, just the other day a fellow approached me at Belmont and asked me what I liked. I normally don't hand out advice at the track, but this player looked as though he needed a break.

So I told him I like a horse named Black Springs, an eleven-to-one shot. The guy pondered that for a moment, then said, "No way. I give the favorite, Counter Gambit, a big edge . . . I guess I'll go bet it. Thanks anyway."

To make a long story short, Black Springs is six lengths in front at the head of the stretch and wins easily, with Counter Gambit running second at less-than-even money. Black Springs pays \$24.40 straight, and my player friend comes running up to tell me he'll never doubt me again. He hasn't, either. Armed with "The System of the Century," he'll never need advice or money again.

I recognize that the world is full of skeptics, so I make this proposition to you. Send me \$9.95 as payment in full for the "System of the Century." Use this method at your local race track for fifteen days, making sure to follow my rules as outlined therein. Bet all you want and keep what you take in with my blessings!

And here's the best part. If my method fails to work for you in exactly the manner I've described, *you have risked nothing* . . . because I'll send your original check back to you — uncashed! (Just date your check one month ahead. That way nobody can touch your ten bucks while you prove to yourself that "The System of the Century" is everything I say it is.)

Could anything be fairer?

You owe it to yourself to find out about "the machine that prints money." I'm Mike Warren . . . I'm well-known in racing circles . . . and I say *it's so*.

Act now. Today. *Can you afford to guess that I'm wrong?*

## Sworn statement...

*This is to certify that all statements made in this ad are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief. MIKE WARREN is a professional handicapper of Thoroughbred horses, and his gross income for the last twelve months was in excess of \$500,000.00.*

*A. Belous*

## CLIP & MAIL TODAY

### FREE EXAMINATION OFFER

Mike Warren  
The Baltimore Bulletin, Inc.  
Professional Building  
Baltimore, Maryland 21208 Dept. KB

Dear Mike,

O.K., I'll try anything once. Please send me "The System of the Century" by return mail. I understand that if your method doesn't make big money for me as you have outlined, all I have to do is return it within a month and my uncashed check will be returned to me.

On that basis, here is my check for \$9.95 dated one month from now. (If you're enclosing a money order that can't be dated ahead, you have the same money-back guarantee.)

☐ For immediate first class shipment, add 50c (in coins or stamps, please).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please make check payable to "The Baltimore Bulletin"

# A POKE IN YOUR *Private Eye!*

**T**O GUARD ITS LATEST AND MOST PRICELESS ACQUISITION A LARGE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM HAS HIRED THE GREATEST TELEVISION DETECTIVES--BASED ON THEIR FEARLESSNESS, DEDUCTIVE TALENT AND THE FACT THAT THEIR SERIES WEREN'T RENEWED AFTER THIRTEEN WEEKS.

HELP!  
SOMEBODY STOLE  
MY AMERICAN  
TRAVELERS  
EXPRESS  
CHECKS!

HI, GIRLIE--  
AND HOW'S  
YOUR BIRD?

HEY..  
um, uh, DID  
YOU, uh,  
CATCH THAT,  
um,  
PARROT?

NEVER MIND THE  
PARROT--DID YOU  
CATCH THE LAMP?--  
THAT'S BARETTA--  
MASTER OF  
DISGUISE!

WHADDA YA MEAN  
IT'S FANNY FARMER'S  
BIRTHDAY? I DON'T CARE  
IF THE STORE IS CLOSED!  
I WANT MY  
LOLLIPOPS!

I'M AN OLD  
COW-HAND!

AND  
YOUR FEET  
ARE FUNNY,  
TOO!

story by:  
FRED  
WOLFE

pencils:  
TERRY  
AUSTIN

inks:  
HEATH ADAMS,  
POTTS, AUSTIN,  
ABEL, MILGROM

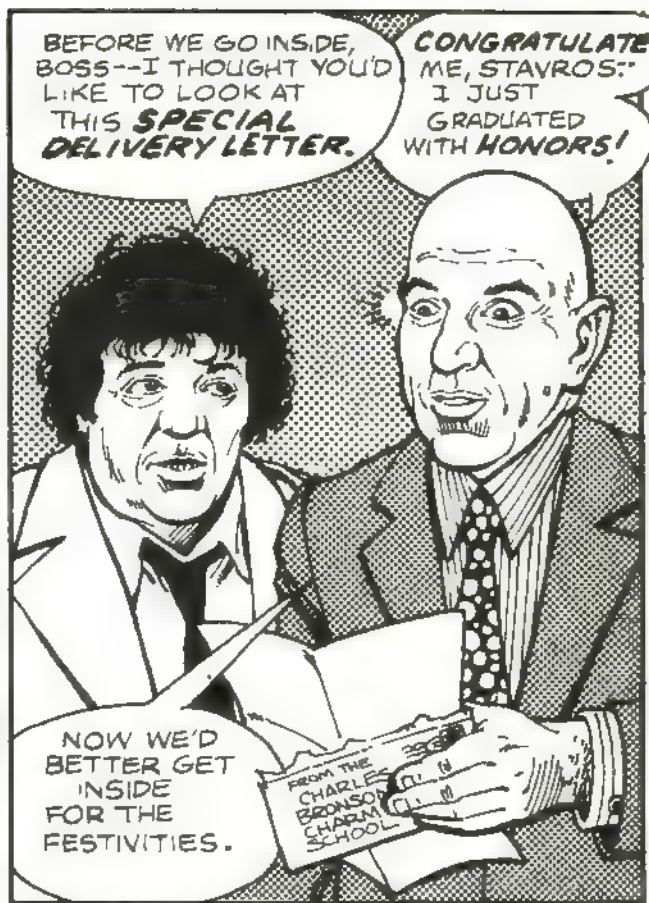


HEY, STAVROS. THIS BANDAGED JOB LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE OLD LIBRARIAN I WORKED OVER FOR POCKETING A FIVE-CENT FINE.

AW, THEO, WHAT ARE WE DOING IN THIS SISSY PLACE?



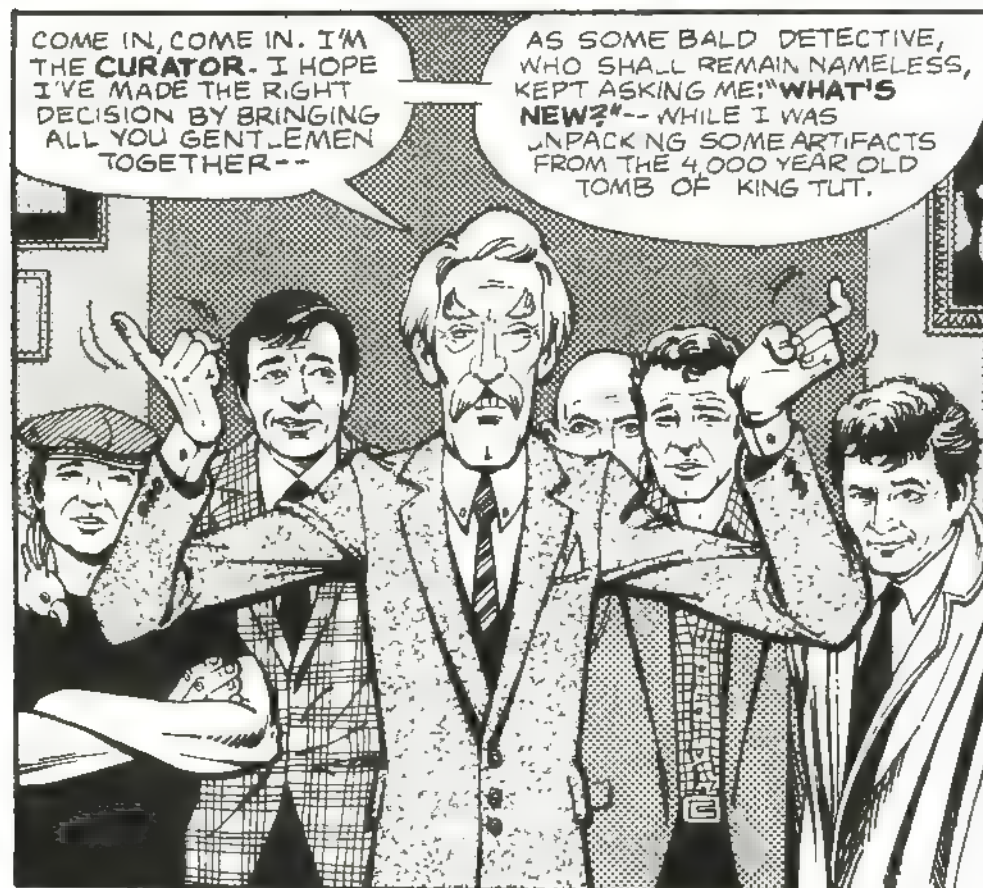
HEY, DON'T KNOCK IT, STAVROS, BABY-- THIS PLACE HAS POSSIBILITIES.



BEFORE WE GO INSIDE, BOSS--I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK AT THIS **SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER**.

**CONGRATULATE ME, STAVROS:** I JUST GRADUATED WITH **HONORS!**

NOW WE'D BETTER GET INSIDE FOR THE FESTIVITIES.



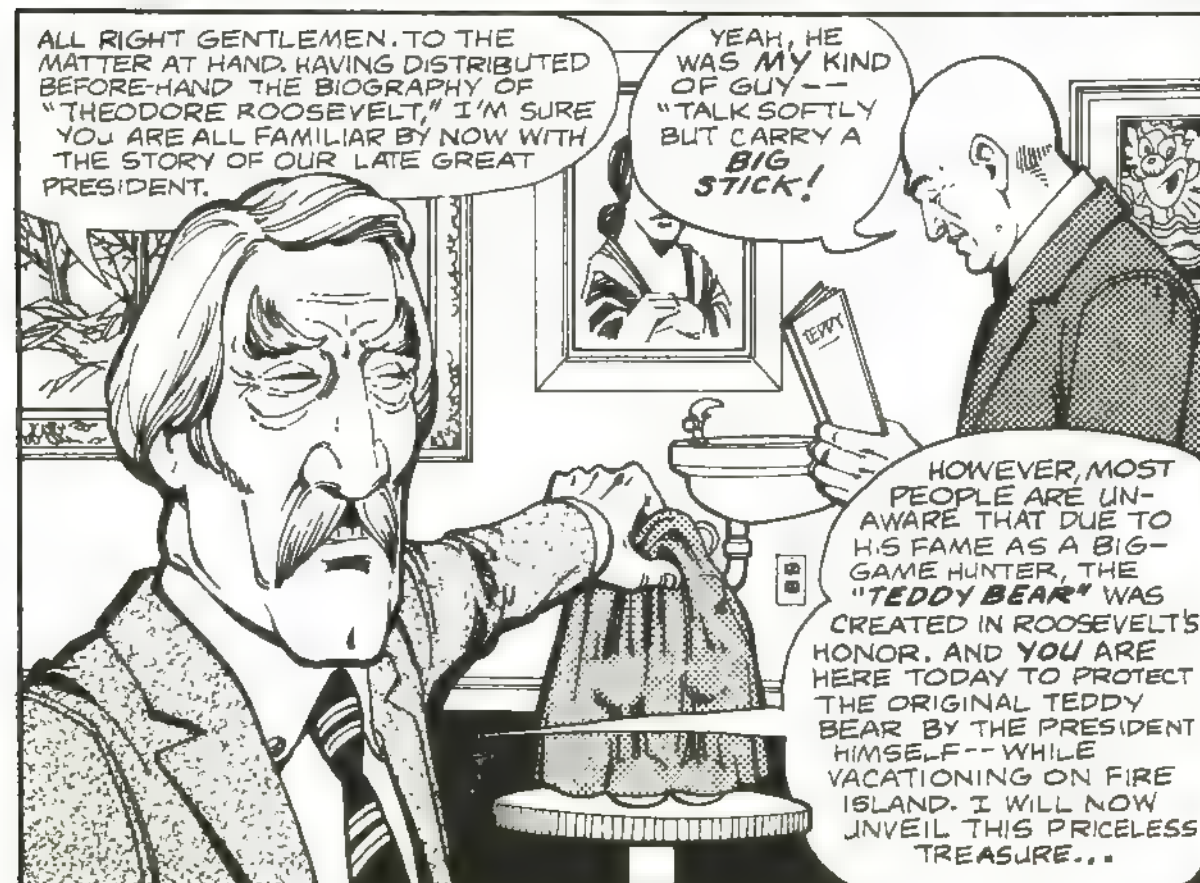
COME IN, COME IN. I'M THE **CURATOR**. I HOPE I'VE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION BY BRINGING ALL YOU GENTLEMEN TOGETHER--

AS SOME BALD DETECTIVE, WHO SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS, KEPT ASKING ME: "**WHAT'S NEW?**"-- WHILE I WAS UNPACKING SOME ARTIFACTS FROM THE 4,000 YEAR OLD TOMB OF KING TUT.



**NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY TO A STAR-- I'LL BLAST YOU, YA BUM!**

**EASY, THEO, COOL IT.** BESIDES, THEY MAY ARREST YOU FOR CARRYING A **CONCEALED NEILSON RATING**.



ALL RIGHT GENTLEMEN. TO THE MATTER AT HAND. HAVING DISTRIBUTED BEFORE-HAND THE BIOGRAPHY OF "**THEODORE ROOSEVELT**," I'M SURE YOU ARE ALL FAMILIAR BY NOW WITH THE STORY OF OUR LATE GREAT PRESIDENT.

YEAH, HE WAS MY KIND OF GUY-- "TALK SOFTLY BUT CARRY A **BIG STICK!**"

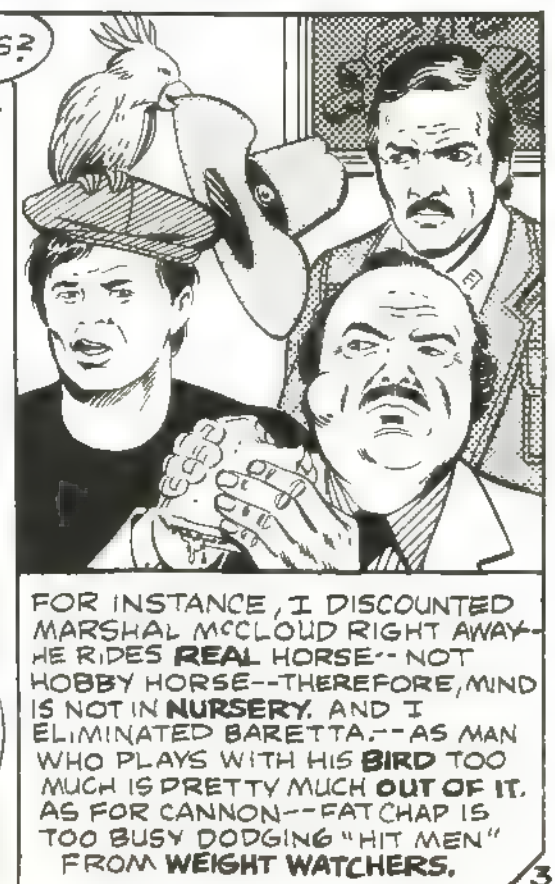
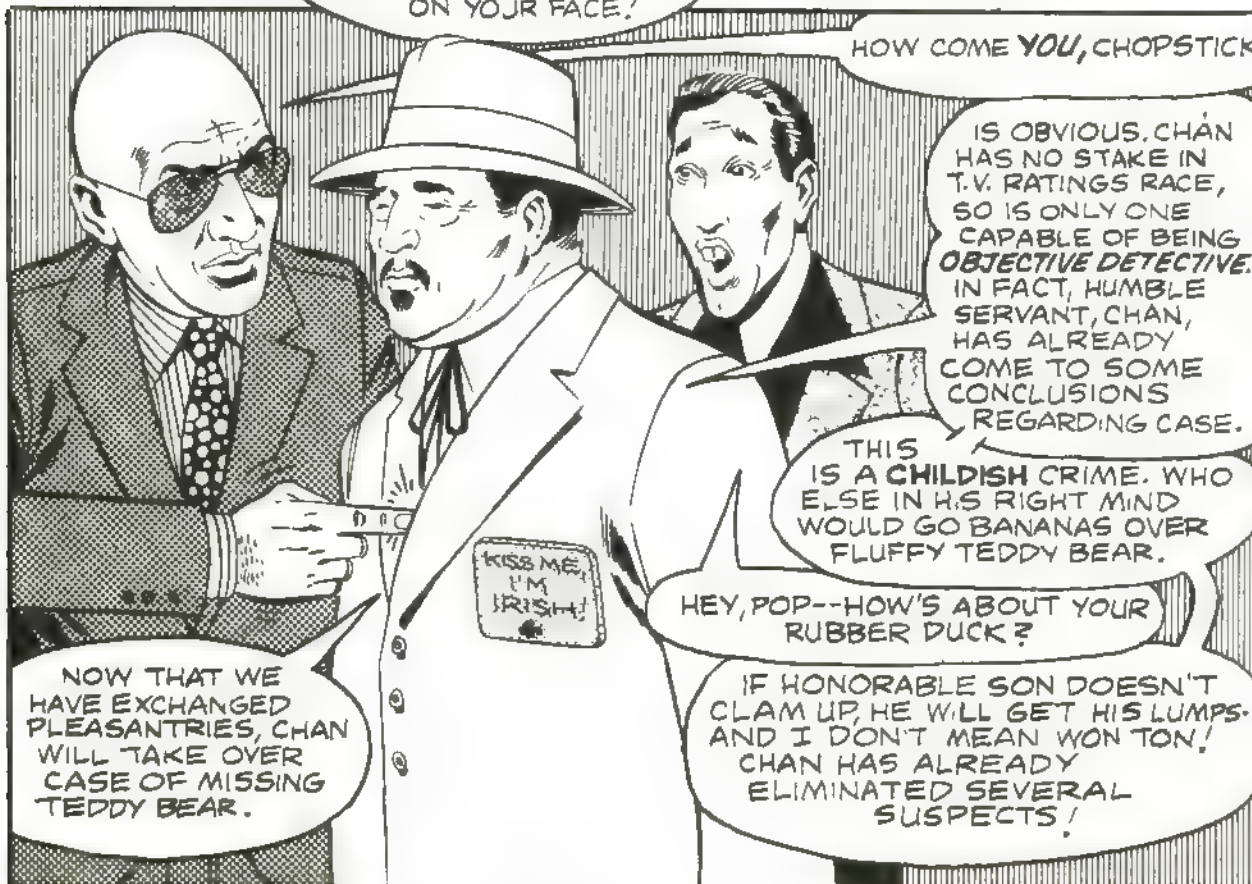
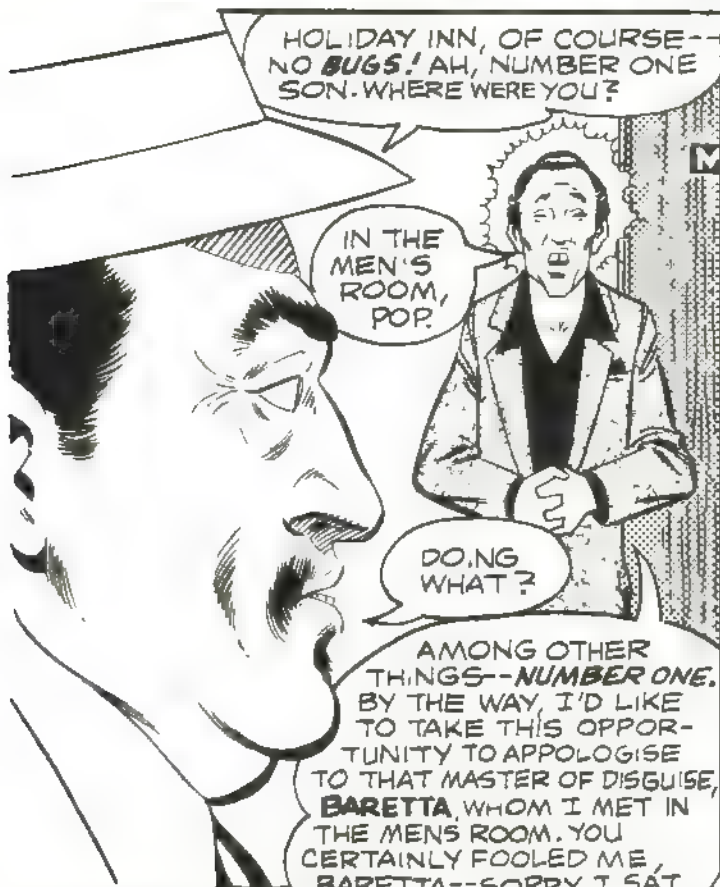
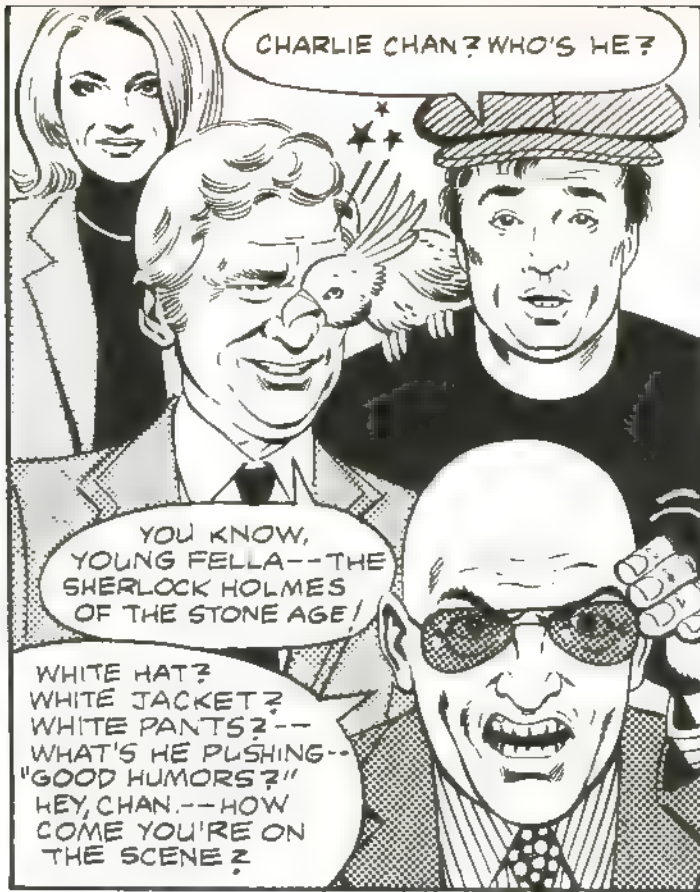
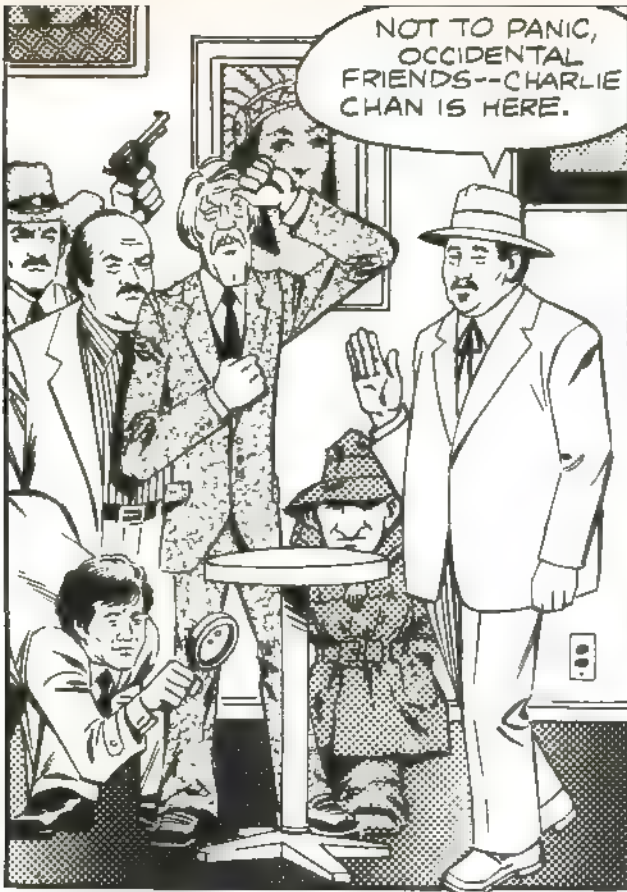
HOWEVER, MOST PEOPLE ARE UN-AWARE THAT DUE TO HIS FAME AS A BIG-GAME HUNTER, THE "**TEDDY BEAR**" WAS CREATED IN ROOSEVELT'S HONOR. AND YOU ARE HERE TODAY TO PROTECT THE ORIGINAL TEDDY BEAR BY THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF-- WHILE VACATIONING ON FIRE ISLAND. I WILL NOW UNVEIL THIS PRICELESS TREASURE...



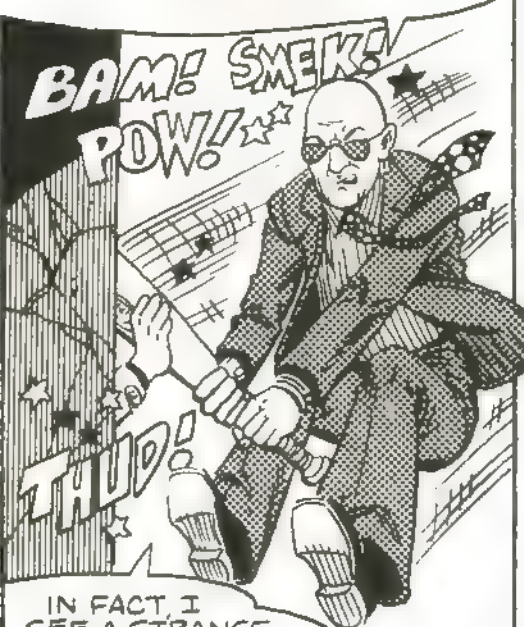
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE **LIGHTS?**

I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!

HEAVENS TO BETSY-- THE TEDDY BEAR IS GONE!



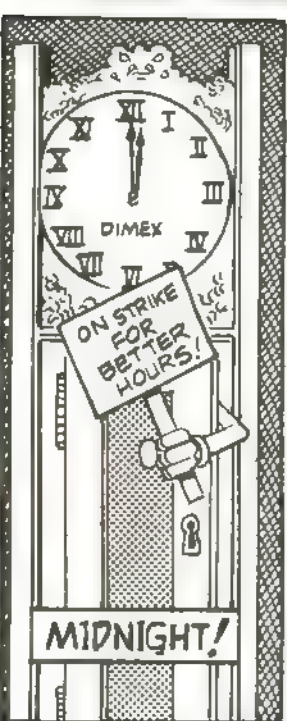
THAT TIES IT! BEFORE I SEPARATE  
YOUR HEAD INTO COLUMN A AND  
COLUMN B, I'M GOING TO CRACK  
THIS CASE MY WAY.



IN FACT I  
SEE A STRANGE  
UNIFORM LURKING IN  
THE SHADOWS--PROBABLY SOME  
FOREIGN AGENT HERE TO STEAL  
A PIECE OF AMERICA'S HERITAGE.




ATTENTION, EVERYONE.  
FINAL LINK IN CHAIN OF  
EVIDENCE HAS BEEN  
ESTABLISHED. WE WILL ALL  
SLEEP IN MUSEUM TONIGHT.  
IDENTITY OF CHIEF WILL  
BE REVEALED WHEN  
MIDNIGHT STRIKES!



# KING KONG'S KOMMIBACK

WHEN DINO  **I'M-A MAKE FOR-A YOU KING-A KONG  
AN OFFER HE CANNOT-A REFUSE.** FINALLY SECURED RIGHTS TO REMAKE  
& 5% O'THE GROSS. 

WHO PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE KING;....

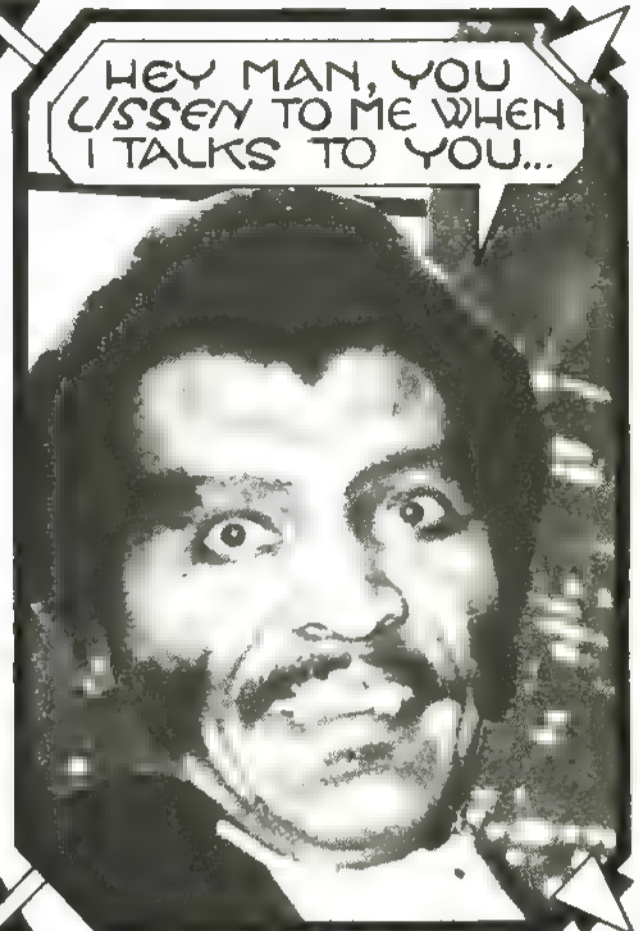
 **WHA?** NO WAY I'M GONNA BE IN NO MOVIE  
FO' THE KINDA MONEY YOU TALKIN'! BUT WHEN WORD FILTERED OUT THAT  
\$ THE SIMIAN STAR WANTED 2,000,000 UP FRONT

& 15%  15%? OF THE GROSS, KONG'S AGENT  THAT'S RIGHT, 15%  
RANG DINO BACK  WHO SAID NO 

CASTING FOR THE FRIGHTENED CROWD SCENES WAS EASY...  
AIEEE! LOOK! WHERE? OUT... OUT THERE...  
IN THE STOCK FOOTAGE!  
WRIT N' SCRIT BY JOE KANE  
ARTS N' CRAFTS BY BABI JERY

BUT THE STUDIO HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY IN FINDING A SUITABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR KONG HIMSELF. THEY TRIED...

MECHANICAL MODELS.... MEN IN APE SUITS.... & SANS SUITS....



BUT ALL WERE FOUND WANTING. SO THE CASTING CALL WENT OUT FOR **REAL** MONSTERS, HUNGRY MONSTERS WHO NEEDED THE WORK. AT 9A.M, THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, THE STUDIO OFFICE WAS CROWDED WITH EAGER APPLICANTS...



ALL WERE GIVEN RIGOROUS WORKOUTS AS CASTING DIRECTORS SEARCHED FOR TALENTS THAT WERE MOSTLY NON-EXISTENT...

JUGGLE?!?  
WHATTAYA MEAN...  
JUGGLE?!!!!?

IS THIS A DAGGER  
I SEE BEFORE ME...

WHAT LIGHT FROM  
YONDER WINDOW  
BREAKS?

CHARLIE...Y' SHOULDA  
LOOKED OUT F' ME  
A LITTLE BIT...

**STELLA!!**

**NEXT.**

DESPITE THE DEDICATION, NONE O' THE PERFORMERS WERE ABLE TO MEET THE HIGH STANDARDS SET BY THE DIRECTORS.... ALL WERE SUMMARILY REJECTED! & RESENTMENT RAN HIGH....

& I'M BULLETPROOF!  
WHAT THE HELL  
DO THEY WANT?

I WANNA DESTROY  
EV'RY GDAM MINIATURE  
SET ON THE LOT!

I TYPED-OUT.

SO THE HUNGRY MONSTERS WENT HOME HUNGRIER STILL...



A-OKAY, I'M-A GIVE IN-A TO AAALL  
YOU OUTRAGEOUS DEMAND!

DINO GOT ON THE PHONE AGAIN.....

15% O' THE GROSS...

AND CALLED KONG'S AGENT



WHO RELAYED

YOU ON, MAN!

THE NEWS TO KONG;



...OL' KONG LAUGHED ALL

THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING !!!

KICK ASS,  
MO'FO!

THAT'S THE WAY OF  
THE WORLD, SON.

BUT ALL THOSE  
HUNGRY MONSTERS...  
WHY??



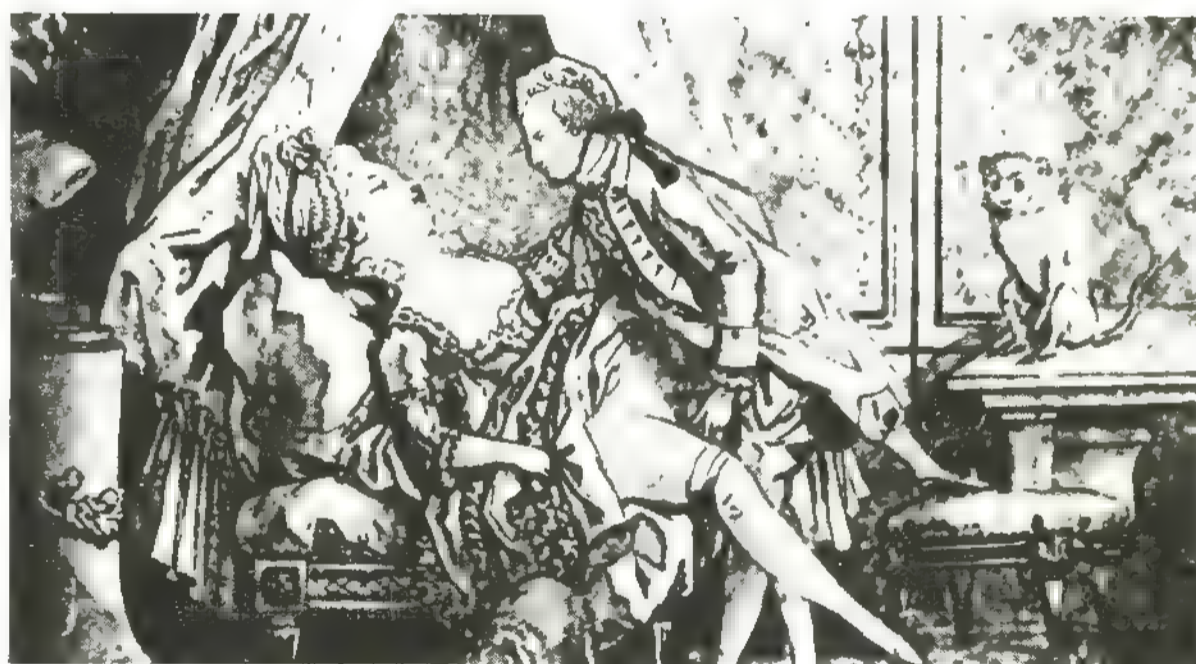
# 200 YEARS OF SEX AND THE PRESIDENCY

**Introduction:** It is a steadfast American tradition that the man invested with the special powers of the Presidency is also expected to wield special powers of sexual magnetism and potency. This is what is meant by "charisma," that magical aura which surrounds all presidents. Due to charisma, the guiding principle of our land, democracy, has slowly faded in favor of the policy of erotocracy (government by sexy guys). Herewith is an exploration of this curious, little-known aspect of our nation's hallowed history.

George Washington was known as "The Father Of His Country." This paternal image stems from the fact that the general was renowned for his incredible sexual prowess. He was, indeed, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen" . . . and first in the beds of scores of pretty young wenches up and down the Thirteen Original States. His lusty visits were so widespread that hardly a town on the Eastern Seaboard does not boast a house with a plaque that says "George Washington slept here." The legend of how George Washington chopped down the cherry tree is a graphic mythologizing of his many youthful conquests over young virgins. In later life, however, the aging patriot and Dan Juan was forced to roam from the bed of his wife, Martha, due to her nagging complaints about the splinters left in her private parts by George's wooden dentures.

Thomas Jefferson wrote, in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," but believed in enlarging his investment in slavery. Today, many of the top black R&B singers claim direct descent from Founding Father Jefferson.

James Madison was one of the straightest presidents of them all. He made Calvin Coolidge look like a swinger. However, reliable informants tell us that many a man winked a wicked eye when they said, "Hello, Dolly."



Adams

Presidents during the first half of the 1800's were notorious for their swinging sex lives. Andrew Jackson was dubbed, "Old Hickory," by many ladies in and around the Capitol, for his remarkable durability in bed. Martin Van Buren earned the nickname "Red Fox of Kinderhook," for his wily ability to lure young pretties up to his hide-away mansion in Kinderhook, New York. "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" was a popular joke of the time, when President William Henry Harrison (known as "Tippecanoe" to three or four hip Indians) was carrying on an open love affair with Vice President John Tyler. The public ridicule was too much for the older man, and he died not long after taking office, which made

the fey Mr. Tyler prexy. President James K. Polk's supporters rallied behind their man when, during a vice raid on a Capitol bawdy house, the Chief Exec was caught in flagrante dilecto with a woman dressed entirely in rubber. Since the address of the bordello was 5440 Pennsylvania Avenue, the battle cry became "Fifty-four Forty or fight," and because of their efforts, all charges were dropped against Mr. Polk. And of course, during the randy reign of President Millard Fillmore, it was whispered in the halls of Congress that he wasn't called "Fill more" for nothing.

Honest Abe Lincoln, a.k.a. Horny Abe among confederates, was better off practicing his sexual peccadillos

than his other habit— visiting the theater. Many a night he would skip the performance at the Ford Theater for an evening's divertissement with a lady of the evening at one of Washington's posher bordellos. Even as a lad, Abe was well-known for nightly reading before a fireplace, but if you think all he did was study schoolbooks, think another think. Honest Injun, Honest Abe was also a serious student of erotica, and many a book he devoured was hotter than the fireplace. When he wasn't eating up his schoolbooks, Abe would occasionally partake of a piece of ash-blond in front of those glowing logs.

Rutherford B. Hayes is notable for the fact that even as President of the United States, he was unable to have a normal sex life due to the fact that he had such a silly name. What robust girl could cuddle up securely to a guy called *Rutherford* or, for short, *Ruth*?

Teddy Roosevelt became the hero of the Spanish-American War after his charge up San Juan Hill with the Rough Riders. While he was president, Teddy continued to be known as a "rough rider." He wasn't kidding when he said "Talk softly and carry a big stick." He did!

It is now a well-known fact of history that President Warren G. Harding kept a mistress, a woman named Nan Britton, who often visited him in the White House for romantic interludes while Mrs. Harding was off shopping. Less well-known, however, is the fact that President Harding also kept a sheep, with whom he carried on a passionate affair in total secrecy. Once, when he was carrying on with said sheep in the Oval Office, Nan Britton knocked on the door. Harding hid the sheep in the coat closet, allowed Miss Britton in, and proceeded to dally with her. Then Mrs. Harding knocked on the door, and Miss Britton hid in the same closet with the sheep. In her memoirs, Nan Britton said she thought it "quite peculiar" but insisted that Harding wasn't the least bit sheepish about the affair.

Another President who ranks with the top Lotharios of all time was Herbert Hoover. The chief executive during the Great Depression had to do something to fight his own fits of depression, and when not worrying how to solve the nation's economic woes, he wasn't above a dalliance. In fact, Hoover's slogan tells us everything about the man—"two chicks in every pot."

Franklin Delano Roosevelt also had a mistress. Dwight D. Eisenhower



**Truman**

**Grant**



**McKinley**

**Coolidge**



**Harrison**

didn't, but rumor has it that he would have given anything to learn how to shoot in the seventies. Many a man in his sixties has the same problem.

Harry Truman, in his early years, was a haberdasher. All the girls were "wild about Harry," and they talked among themselves about his specialty, the "hat trick." Rumor says it resembles hockey's "hat trick"—three goals. However, it should be understood that once he married, Harry never strayed from the marital bed. He sublimated his extramarital fantasies, some say, by screwing General Douglas MacArthur (out of the Army).

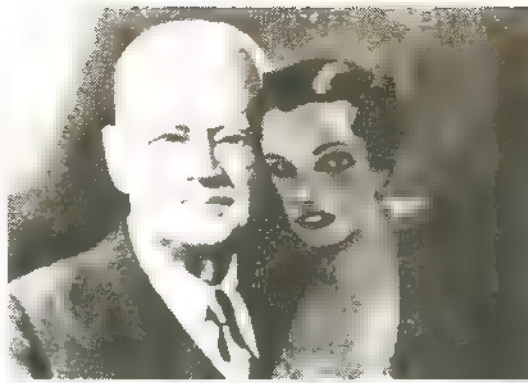
When Richard M. Nixon occupied the White House, there wasn't a hint of hankypanky. Not one breath of sexual scandal. Other scandals, yes. Plenty of them. But nothing of a sensual nature. One wag tried to link Nixon's fetish for tape recording to a love for "aural sex," but the truth is that, despite his nickname—Tricky Dick—nobody really knows too much about the love life of Nixon.

John F. Kennedy was perhaps the sexiest President in U.S. history. He had more women in any given month than Jack the Ripper and the Boston Strangler had throughout their careers. Actually, JFK may have fathered so many children that every political office in the land may soon be staffed by Kennedy kin. As for Hollywood, every leading lady—with the possible exception of octogenarian Maria Ouspenskia—found herself sequestered on Kennedy's casting couch in the who-could-be Blue Room of the White House.

One unfounded rumor concerns the time of the Cuban Missile crisis and how JFK was able to force Khrushchev to back down on his missile while a female aide was able to force JFK's missile back up.

At the height of the protests against the Vietnam War, Lyndon B. Johnson used to dress in Ladybird's clothes and go out among the demonstrators, talking to them and finding out what their ideas were. But LBJ was by no means a transvestite.

As for Gerald Ford, the incumbent, it isn't politic to write about the love life of a present President. Let's just say that as a youth, Jerry was quite an athlete. It wouldn't surprise anyone if Ford and a girlfriend in a Volkswagen could do what not many politicians could achieve in a Cadillac limousine. There is no truth to the rumor, spread by Washington insiders, that Gerry falls out of bed...



Hoover

COMPOSITE PHOTOS by Joe Epstein



T. Roosevelt



Johnson



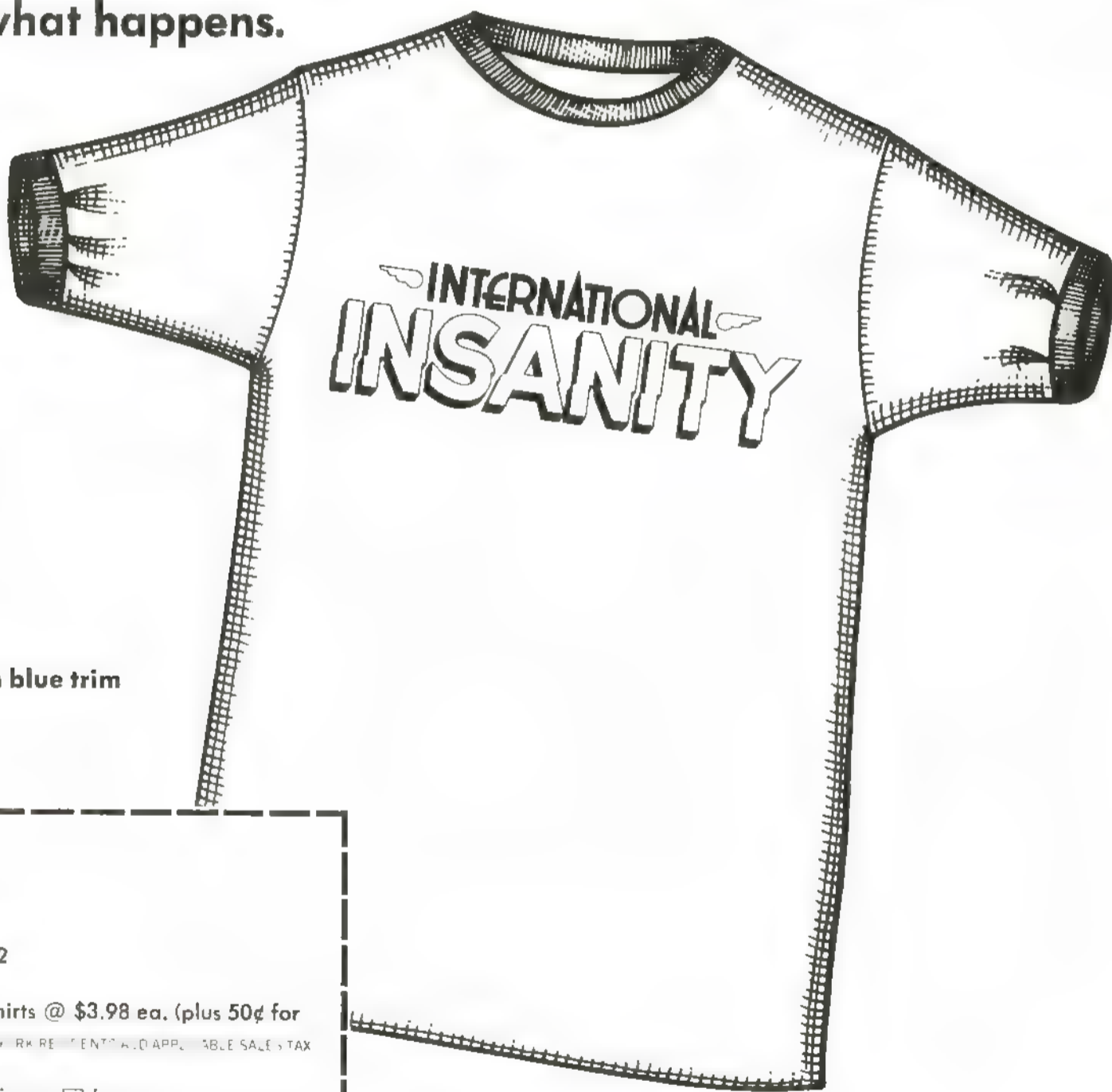
Harrison



Eisenhower

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inexpensive and conversation stimulators. Try wearing  
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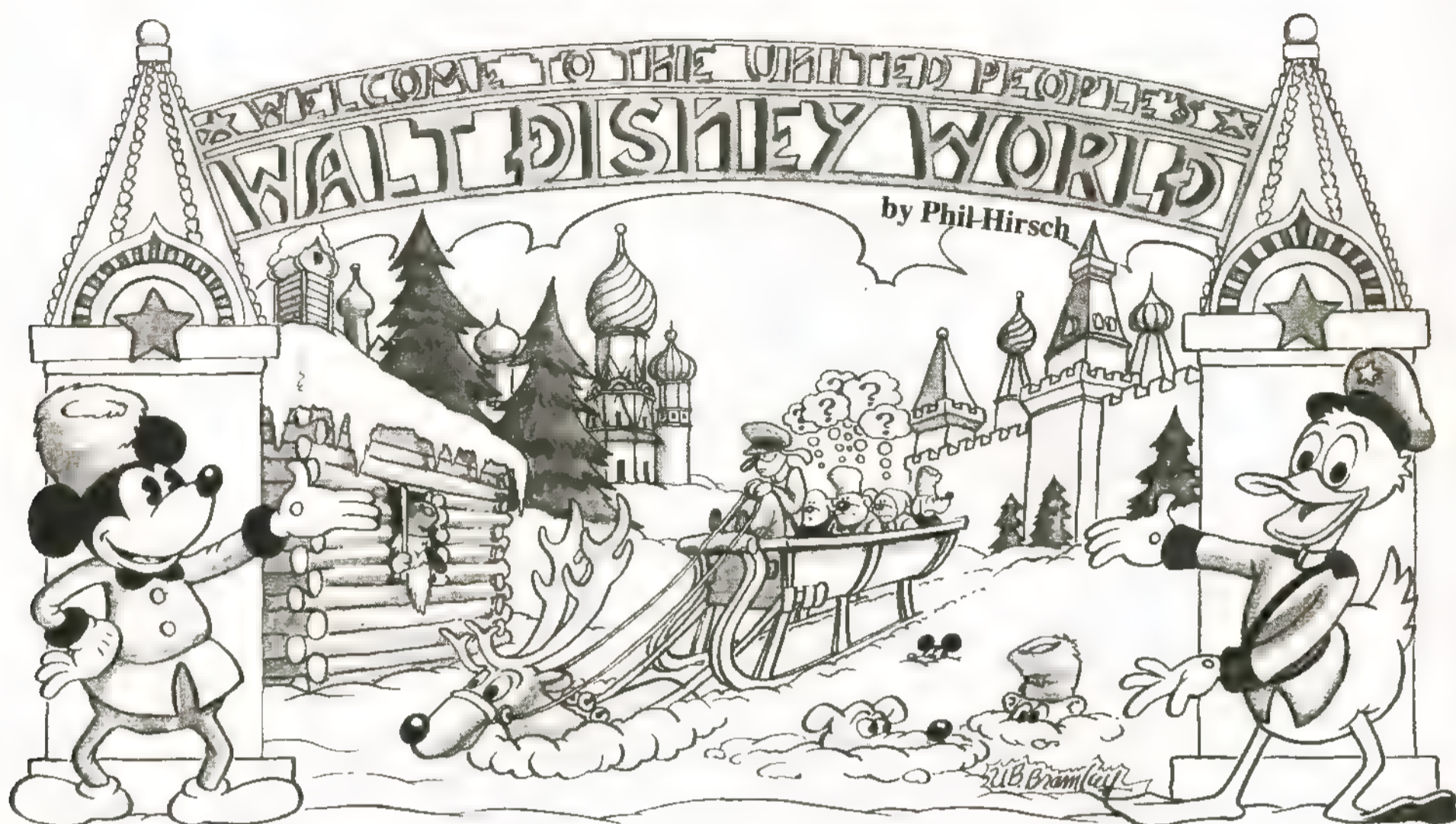
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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**← ORDER TODAY!**

According to *Variety*, the U.S.S.R. is interested in erecting a version of Disneyland. Here, for our comrades behind the Irony Curtain, are some suggestions for a Disneyland with a difference!



#### ATTRACTION 1—SIBERIA

An exciting ride through snow-covered tundra to a place where prisoners—oops, riders or guests, enjoy the Redland Rideland's coldest reception. You are thrown into a solitary cell and spend the next 20 years being punished for such grievous sins as littering, improper voting or despoiling the

Kremlin Wall with graffiti: (KARL—ONE OF THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS—WAS ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH)  
(HERE'S THE PLACE TO WASH YOUR DIRTY LENIN)



#### ATTRACTION 2—THE RIFLE RANGE

Notice that in this shooting gallery, you—not some metallic target—are likely to get shot. Soviet secret agents keep their marksmanship (and Marxmanship) bull's eye perfect.



#### ATTRACTION 3—THE IRON CURTAIN

If you think it's easy to iron barbed wire, pay your kopecks to go on this exciting ride. Hundreds of thousands of Soviet citizens are paying the price for the privilege of exiting the glorious homeland by climbing a wall. Incidentally, the popularity of this has Russian officials climbing a wall, too!

#### ATTRACTION 4— THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

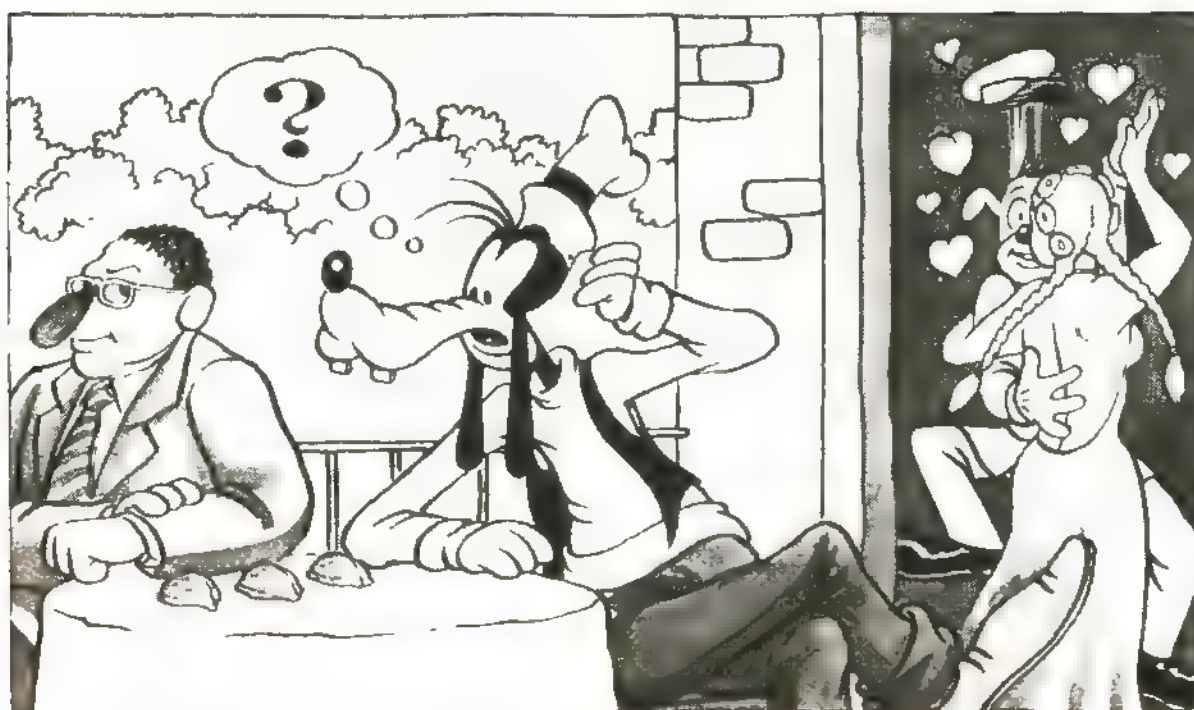
This is one of the more educational features at the Redland Rideland. Visitors are taught to forge passports, sneak dirty, rotten Capitalistic products through Soviet customs officials and border guards and to double park in their double-in-brass roles as spies/diplomats when they are visiting foreign countries. Warning: This attraction may be hazardous to your health. (Riders are given two cyanide pills to speed away acid ingestion in case they want a speedy way out.)



#### ATTRACTION 5—BRAINWASH

Two of the Soviet's star interrogators, Mata Hari and Harry Mata, offer you the pleasures of this Soviet version of a massage parlor. What they do is order their staff of doctors to perform a frontal lobotomy (what then, rectal!) and then

literally wash your brain (it tickles, comrades) until you tell them *everything*. Rona Bare-it and Doris Lily (she wilted under the ordeal) are "graduates" of this Moscow Mouse technique. Notice, now they can't stop talking and telling all.



#### ATTRACTION 6— LA PLUME DE MA DETENTE

Here, only specially chosen Soviet citizens are eligible to take this ride. Completion entitles you to negotiate with Henry Kissinger and other U.S. diplomats. Lie with a straight face. (If you are two-faced, you can lie with straight faces!) What Henry the K. and others don't know is that all the time you are speaking with a forked tongue (available in any Russian delicatessen)—spooning out disarmament drivel—you have your fingers crossed. This entitles you to make bigger and better weapons. And after weeks of diplomatic bargaining, you are entitled to seek other arms without strategic limitations (see photo).



#### ATTRACTION 7—MOS-COWED MULES

The idea of this really fun attraction is to try to get away with such nefarious activities as reading a Western newspaper or book or saying something bad about a Soviet official (i.e., "Did you know that Comrade Party Leader Brezhnev has a deviated septum." "No, I didn't realize he was a deviate!") . . . or expressing a desire to travel out of the country. The really big deal of this attraction is that riders who get caught doing any of the above get a free trip . . . to Attraction 1—Siberia, and they can go through Walt Disney World all over again—free!

#### ATTRACTION 8— APARTMENT HUNTING

As everyone who has toured or lived in the Soviet Union knows, apartments are scarcer than uncensored news or strikes by labor unions in this people's paradise. The idea of "Apartment Hunting" is to find a two-room flat for a family of 12. But despite the difficulty of succeeding, there is an award if you succeed in your quest: a chance to see Mickey Mouse (and his brothers and sisters)!



#### ATTRACTION 9—THE TREASURE HUNT

Here's possibly the Redland Rideland attraction that is the most fun. The idea is that you are set loose with a huge Baggie in a Russian department store and must fill it up

with everything your heart desires. Unfortunately, Soviet stores are notorious for being understocked. Rare is the guest who emerges with even a half-filled Baggie. But as they say in *Tass*, where no noose is good news, Baggie-ers can't be choosers!

**WARNING TO READERS:** The editor who originally said *nyet* to this feature is now being liquidated on Attraction 2—The Rifle Range, after he tried to escape from Attraction 3—The Iron Curtain, and was immediately arrested and sent to Attraction 5—Brainwash. Try writing a knock letter to the editor about this article, and you will meet a similar dire fate . . . Maybe you have relatives in Disney country? If not we have other ways to get you.

is it true that **THE SECRET OF S.S.P.**

# HAS TURNED MEN INTO GODS

and can now Show You How To  
Program and receive

## EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED

in just seconds . . .

Including **RICHERS, LUXURIOUS POSSESSIONS,  
POWER OVER OTHERS, AND EVEN A LONGER LIFE?**

### TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

It seems like there are only two kinds of people in life, those who hang on from one day to the next, **hoping** things will get better tomorrow, and those who seem to streak through life, successful at everything they do

You know the type, in fact you probably have a friend who always seems to be one step ahead of you; an extra dollar in his pocket, a new car, a promotion at work, a girl, **whenever he wants one!**

### SECRET TECHNIQUES OR POWER OF THE GODS?

Well, what does he know that you don't? Throughout man's history there have been certain individuals, people great and small, famous and unknown, who have had knowledge of **SECRET TECHNIQUES FOR ACHIEVING HAPPINESS.**

From ancient times right up to today there have been people who, (whether they knew it or not) have been **plugged in to a fantastic reservoir of incredible mental force**, a force we now know as **SUPER SENSORY POWER!** These people are so successful at everything they do that you'd be right in asking the questions "Is it magic?", "Are they human.", "**ARE THEY GODS?!"**

### NOW YOU CAN USE THIS INCREDIBLE POWER—S.S.P.

Super Sensory Power has existed since mankind first began to walk upright, but it hasn't been until just recently that this incredible physio-mental force was systematically studied, and the trained eye of science was turned upon it. **NOW, finally**, all of its principles have been categorically organized, and this most **god-like** of all human traits has been brought within your reach, making it possible for anyone who can read to experience these incredible benefits.

A professor, an S.S.P. expert of many years, an "Initiator" has finally organized and released the knowledge and force of Super Sensory Power in this remarkable break-through book, **SUPER SENSORY POWER REVEALED.**

### I WAS A VICTIM

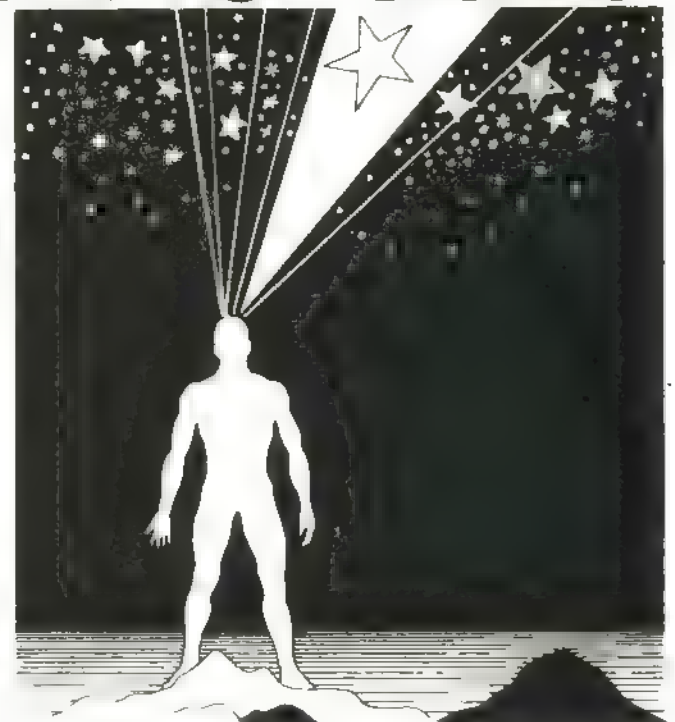
Mr. T.P. says, "I was a victim. I was exploited by people more powerful than me everywhere I went. At work my boss would always get me to do much more than my share and threaten to fire me whenever I wouldn't, and I couldn't keep a girl. Each night I would make up my mind that things would be different, but they never were. I was powerless to help myself. Then a friend of mine shared the secret of the Power Technique with me. He learned it through S.S.P. Wow, did things change quickly. I easily learned to generate all powerful "Sensor Waves" whenever I wanted them. Within a week my boss called me into his office, apologized for the way he'd been treating me, told me to take a week's vacation with pay, **and gave me a raise.** He said he must have been crazy to treat me the way he did.

And my girl? Three days after that she told me **I MADE LOVE LIKE A SUPERMAN**, and that she'd never leave me, **no matter what I did!**

### SEE AMAZING CHANGES RIGHT NOW!

You can change everything right away, too! With the secret techniques easily learned from S.S.P. Revealed you can quickly learn to . . .

- **Actually prolong the length of your life!**
- **Make as much money as you need to make your life fulfilled—you will never have to do without anything you desire!**
- **Become a fountain of sexual strength. Men can learn techniques of super sexual staying power. Women can gain the confidence to achieve that ultimate of sexual pleasure.**
- **Project yourself as a bigger and more powerful person!**
- **Control smoking, overeating or compulsive drinking as you desire!**
- **Increase your capacity to concentrate and remember things—in fact you can have total recall at will!**



### DON'T WAIT ANY LONGER

You want a better life now, and who can blame you? Why wait to achieve happiness, power and security? With the secrets shared with you in **Super Sensory Power Revealed** you can stop being a victim and walk in the footsteps of greatness. Join the secret fraternity of the greatest men that ever walked the face of the earth, men like Plato, Da Vinci, Caesar, Alexander The Great—all were men who shared a knowledge of S.S.P. and seemed to be more than just human, **almost like gods!**

### CHOOSE NOW!

You've heard the story; now it's time to act. You need no longer be shackled to a life without hope, plodding on from one day to the next, **waiting and hoping for a break.** Do something to **help yourself** and your loved ones, **NOW.** Make your choice for a happier, **richer** life by ordering this remarkable book, **SUPER SENSORY POWER REVEALED!** You can't lose with this **MONEY BACK GUARANTEED NO RISK OFFER.**

### NO RISK GUARANTEE

You must be completely satisfied with this manual, you must also agree that it has helped you change your life in every way we promised it would, or you may return it within thirty days for a refund of your purchase price

### MAIL TODAY

C. P. EXPORTS, Dept. KB  
380 Madison Avenue New York, N.Y. 10017

RUSH me SECRETS OF S.S.P. REVEALED I'll be completely satisfied . . . or I'll return the manual within thirty days for a refund of the purchase price with no questions asked

I enclose \$2.95 in ☐ Cash, ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Add 60¢ for postage and handling).

ADD SALES TAX

TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SORRY, NO C.O.D.'S ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

# BICENTENNIAL JOKES

These historically accurate attempts at humor are all carefully researched by Phil Hirsch. They are excerpted from *The Unofficial Bicentennial Joke Book* published by Pinnacle Books . . . on sale shortly at your local bookstore.

**WHO SAID, "DON'T FIRE TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES . . ."**

Every Indian chief!

**FILL IN THE REST OF THIS SENTENCE: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country . . ."**

(Answer: . . . but I'm in good hands with All-State!)

**WHAT DID GLORIA STEINEM'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER HAVE TO DO WITH THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION?**

She said, "Give me Lib or give me death!"

**ATTENTION RONALD REAGAN: HOW COME CALIFORNIA DIDN'T FIGHT IN THE REVOLUTION?**

**WHAT WAS WORSE THAN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY'S TWO WEEKS IN PHILADELPHIA?**

Three weeks in Philadelphia!

**WHO HATED THE MINUTEMEN MOST?**

Their wives and mistresses!

**ATTENTION WORLD: DO YOU REALIZE 1776 WAS A TERRIBLE YEAR FINANCIALLY? DETROIT DIDN'T SELL A SINGLE CAR!**

**DON'T KNOCK PRESIDENTS WASHINGTON, MADISON AND JEFFERSON—THEY KEPT US OUT OF VIETNAM!**

**AND DON'T KNOCK PRESIDENT FORD—HE KEPT US OUT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR!**

**GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT AROUND!**

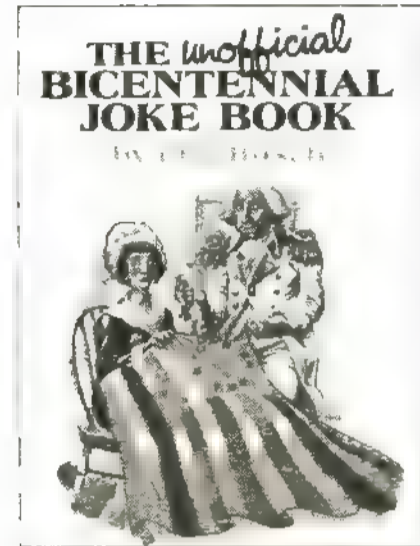
**THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:** Before the establishment of the First Continental Congress, how could you write to your Congressman?

**THOMAS PAINE'S PAMPHLET URGING SEPARATION FROM THE MOTHER COUNTRY WAS CALLED?**

- a. On account of rain.
- b. Portnoy's Complaint
- c. Dollars and Sense
- d. Common Home, Bill Bailey
- e. The Common Scold

**WHAT IS THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE SO-CALLED GALLANT WARRIORS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL?**

They didn't fight fair—in fact the whole battle wasn't on the level!



**CHOOSE ONE: WASHINGTON MADE VALLEY FORGE HIS WINTER HEADQUARTERS BECAUSE**

- a-The skiing was good.
- b-He was evicted from the Playboy Club at Great Gorge for molesting the bunnies.
- c-He couldn't get reservations in Miami Beach for Christmas.
- d-What the heck, he'd slept in every hotel from Maine to Virginia—why not try a tent in the outdoors?
- e-He had a Savior complex, and insisted there was no room at the inn!

**WHAT WAS THE FINAL RESULT OF THE BOSTON MASSACRE?**

Harvard 72 Yale 0!

**BICENTENNIAL IQ TEST:** What was the color of George Washington's white horse?

**WHAT IS 3.1416 X 200?**

The Pi-centennial

**WHY DID THE INDIANS SELL MANHATTAN ISLAND FOR \$24?**

Someone made them an offer they couldn't refuse!

**HOW DO WE KNOW THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON, NOT THE GENERAL BUT A HOTEL PORTER IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES, WAS A GENUINE BI-CENTENNIAL HERO?**

Because wherever you go today, you still see signs that read, "George Washington swept here!"

**DID HAYM SOLOMON AND NEWBOLD MORRIS, PATRIOTS WHO FINANCED THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, GET SIX FOR FIVE?**

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# Dick and Jane In Bondage

By Tom Hactman



**“I’m glad we left Spot tied up in the  
ice-box,” said Dick.**

**“Ha, Ha. Bumping him off was fun.  
Bumping and fun,” said Jane**



**See Dick tie Sally with the hose.  
Sally says, “Ow-ow, Ow-ow.”**





**“Look how Spot’s collar fits  
on Sally’s neck,” said Jane.**

**“Get your fingers out  
of my nishy,  
Dick,” screamed Sally.**



# natural footwear



Other styles  
include the  
Breadwinner  
Oxford



in rye or  
whole wheat

**loafers**  
NATURE SHOE

*Slip your feet into Spring Wheat  
grown in Scandanavia's great  
outdoors. Loafers baked fresh*

*daily by Olaf Olafsen.  
Loafers—the organic footwear  
for the intelligent foot.*

# Introducing the system that undersells all the others. The Taky-Ama 50PC-OFF

It's smart, it's slick, it's volubly inexpensive—it's Taky-Tronic's two-bit version of the high-price sound jobs. Why pay more for your total system when Taky offers you a no-holds-barred six-month guarantee on near-miss quality? And for you, buddy-san, the price is right. Wholesale would run you a bundle compared to Taky's tag.

This is what you get for your paltry pennies. A gumball suspended animation deaf Z-shaped limb that bounds merrily across the grooves of your favorite disc; an 8½" re-



Band System

cycled gun metal platter, band driven to cut costly electricity bills; a vicious, dampened clueing system that enables you to solve neighborhood shower stabbings and a 3.14159265 woo-weee and heart flutter. Best of all, our unique anti-bob sledding features make distant buffalo hoofings audible at thirty paces.

So, when you're too cheap to buy the very best (or even the second rate) avoid the high cost hubble-bubble and settle for

**Taky-Ama**  
ELECTRONICS





Behavior of young  
DREGS needs to be  
checked at an early age

